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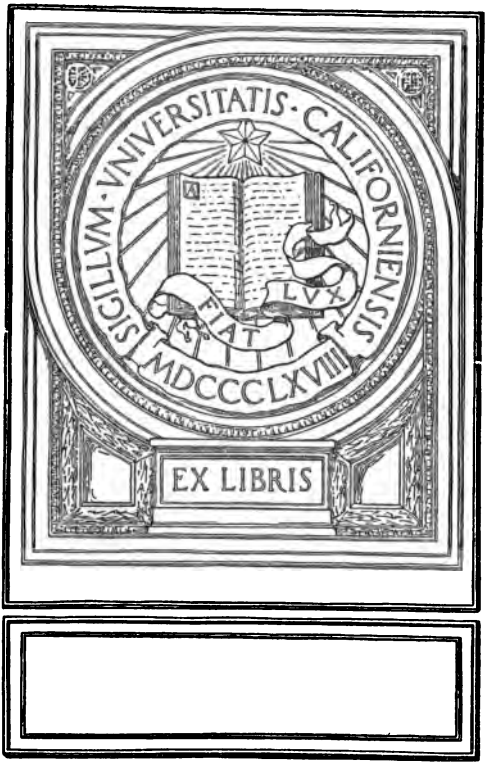
To Tipsyland

by Elizabeth Robins Pennell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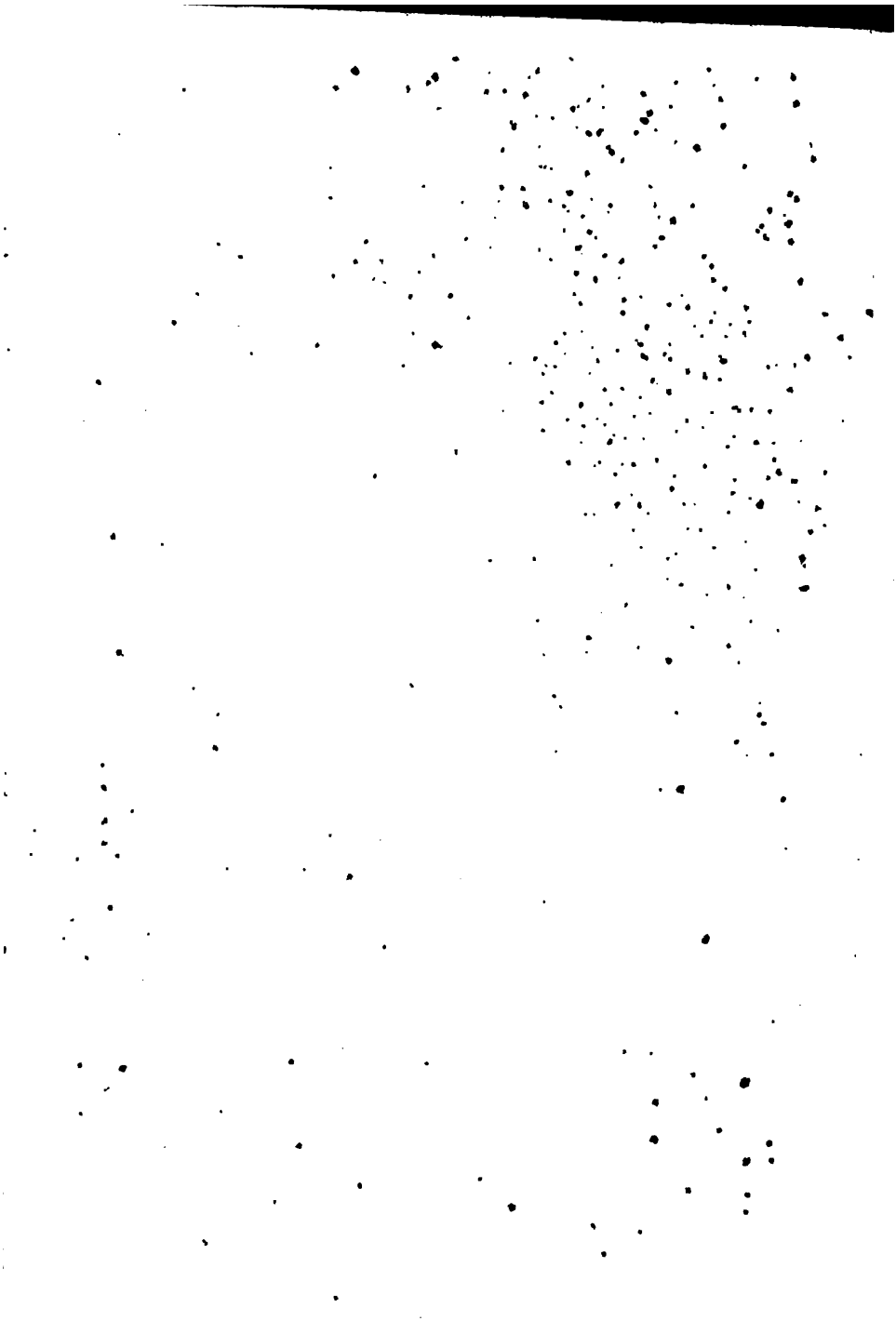

TO GIPSYLAND

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A GIPSY SHEPHERD.

TO GIPSYLAND

WRITTEN BY

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

AUTHOR OF

"PLAY IN PROVENCE," "OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY," ETC.

AND ILLUSTRATED BY

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TO GIPSYLAND

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TO GIPSYLAND

I

INTRODUCTION

IT was from Philadelphia that I first wandered into gipsyland. In those days the town seemed so dull. Now that I have been many years away, I feel the charm of its prim streets lined with endless red brick, and white marble, and green shutters; the charm of the fine colonial mansions long since forsaken by fashion; the charm of the old churches with their little strip of green graveyard, of the quiet meeting-houses overshadowed by great trees where gray-shawled women Friends, their sweet faces looking mildly from plain bonnets, and men Friends,

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in broad-brimmed hats and plain coats, linger when meeting is out on First-Day morning. I feel it all now until my own city seems lovelier and more picturesque than many a world-famed town. But then I knew little else, and I wearied of it, as all good Philadelphians do. I wanted something new, something strange, something different to give it the touch of romance which I believed it lacked so sadly. And this romance I thought I found in the gipsies. I was young: in my eyes they brought with them all the glamour of the East, all the mystery of the unknown.

We used to go and see them, the Rye and I, when we knew their tents were pitched in pretty woodland or shady field near the city. The Rye is my uncle, Hans Breitmann, Mr. Leland, whom all the Romanies know. His gipsy lore was great; mine, gleaned from him, was infinitely less; but I do not think he ever loved the Romany better than I. If the gipsy has cast his spell over many a wise man,—over a Borrow in England, an archduke in Austria, a Hermann in Hungary,—why should I be ashamed to say that, in the years so long past, the curl of the white

A GIPSY CAMP.

Non-circulating

smoke among the trees could set my heart to beating, that the first glimpse of the gay green van, with the pillows, white and ruffled, hanging from the window, could thrill me with joy? Have I not said I was young when I first wandered into gipsyland?

Often J—— was with us when we went gipsying; indeed, he too was greeted as a friend by every traveler on the road to whom he wished "Sarshan!"—the mystic password of these freemasons from the home of strange secret brotherhoods.

When the first sweet days of spring came, and blossoming fruit-trees lit up many a trim side-yard, and wistaria trailed in purple glory over the second-story veranda, and the smell of the ailantus was strong in the streets, and sparrows were busy eating up the measuring-worms, then we would walk far out Broad street, through the dripping darkness of the public buildings, past the Masonic Temple and the Academy of Fine Arts, past the big, pretentious houses of the rich up-town people, to where a bit of meadow-land between the built-up squares showed that we were well in the suburbs. For it was then that, in Oakdale Park, just behind

the Rising Sun but shut in by hedge and trees, the Costelloes, traveling northward after their winter in Florida, pitched their tents. And nowhere, from one end of Philadelphia to the other, were we more welcome than under this brown canvas roof, where, sitting on the carpeted ground, they brought us beer in a watering-pot, and poured it into silver mugs, each marked with different initials, and gave us the gossip of the roads, while the dogs and babies tumbled in the long grass outside, and the pet goat strayed into the tent to rub himself against the old man, and the horses browsed under the apple-trees.

But in the autumn, when the wind blew cold and fresh, and the country was aflame with scarlet and gold, and brilliant chrysanthemums and scarlet sage filled the borders of our grass-plots with their wealth of color, it was over to Camden we went, out to the reservoir beyond the town, where Davy Wharton and the Boswells had their camp. And of all, this, as I look back, is the gipsy tramp I like the best. For sometimes we would walk down Spruce street, silent and asleep at all hours; by the old Pennsylvania

Hospital, getting one glimpse into its garden, lovelier and quainter, it seems to me now, than any I have seen in England; and then up Seventh street to Washington Square, where a few gray-haired men shared the seats under the trees with the nurses and children; across Independence Square; through Independence Hall; and so, on along the noisiest business streets to Market, and the Camden Ferry. Or else, we would go at once over to Chestnut street, at the hour when it was gay with shoppers and sunshine, when we knew we would always meet first George Boker,—Philadelphia's only poet, as he called himself,—white-haired, white-mustachioed, distinguished and handsome; George W. Childs, walking home with "Tony" Drexel, between them the inevitable stray prince, or author, or clergyman from England. And whichever way we took, as likely as not, we found Walt Whitman at the ferry, or sitting in his favorite big chair by the fruit-stand at the foot of Market street, or just getting out of the street-car. He always had a friendly greeting for us, a friendly word about the travelers who made their autumn home so near his. I can never think

of idle Davy Wharton or pretty Susie Boswell, lounging on the sunlit grass, without seeing the familiar figure of the good gray poet, leaning on his stick, his long white beard hiding and showing the loose open shirt, his soft gray felt hat shading the kindly eyes.

Now and then, in the crowded street, we caught the gleam of the gipsy smile; now and then, in country walks, we came suddenly upon a tent by the wayside, and these chance meetings had all the delight of the unexpected. And there were great occasions when we left Philadelphia far behind, and went down to a country fair in some New Jersey town. It was on one of these, I remember, that I was first introduced to the Lovells.

I thought nothing could be more enchanting than the life these people led, wandering at will from the pine forests of Maine to the orange groves of the far south; pitching their tents now in blossoming orchard, now under burning maple; sleeping and fiddling and smoking away their days while the rest of the world toiled and labored in misery and hunger. But if I said this to the Rye, he would laugh and wish that I could see the

Hungarian gipsies. They were wilder and freer, and all the strange beauty and poetry of their lives they put into their music when they played. There was magic in it.

One memorable day in Chestnut street—it was Sunday morning, and the stores were shut, and the street-cars without their bells rattled down at longer intervals, and every one, in Sunday clothes, was walking home from church or meeting—we met three of the wildest, most beautiful creatures I had ever imagined. They were tall and lithe and muscular, and their dark faces, with the small, delicate, regular features, were lovely as those that look out from many an old Florentine picture of Christ and the saints. Their hair hung in black curls to their shoulders, they wore high black sheepskin caps, a row of silver buttons adorned their short blue jackets, and they carried large bags of coarse canvas. They seemed as out of place in our proper Chestnut street as ghosts at mid-day. The Rye stopped and spoke to them. They were gipsies from Hungary, and a light came into their eyes and they showed their pretty white teeth at the first word of Romany. But at once a

crowd of idlers gathered. "Who are they? what are they? what do they say?" we were asked on every side. It was unbearable, and with a grasp of their hands we let them go.

This was the beginning of it. After meeting the real gipsy I felt that I never could be content until I had gone to the real gipsy-land—to Hungary, where

> Free is the bird in the air,
> And the fish where the river flows;
> Free is the deer in the forest,
> And the gipsy wherever he goes.
> Hurrah!
> And the gipsy wherever he goes.

When next I sat with the Costelloes in the tent at Oakdale Park, when next I gossiped with Davy Wharton in the woods near the Camden reservoir, I thought that something—I could hardly say what—had gone from them forever.

A year later, when summer came, the Rye went northward, where, in scented pine woods, within sound of the sea, he spent long hours in Indian wigwams while Towah told him tales of Gloscap and his wicked brother. But I was in Chestnut Hill, with

nothing more exciting to listen to than the song of the crickets through the warm evening in our garden, sweet with roses and honeysuckle.

And then it was that, one morning, I saw in the "Ledger's" column of advertisements that Hungarian gipsies were to play at the Männerchor, the up-town beer-garden, where no self-respecting Philadelphian living within the correct radius of the old rhyme of the streets,

Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine,

would willingly be seen. To go there was considered "fast" in those days; but it was nothing to me where the gipsies were to be found; that they were to play was all I cared to know.

II

THE July night was warm and close when Ned—my brother—and I took an early evening train for the Männerchor. A faint breeze was blowing over the fields to the piazza of the old farm-house where my family sat fanning and rocking themselves in the fading light. But there was not a breath of air to cool the stifling Ninth and Green street depot, not a breath to stir in the trees of the near garden. Glaring gas-jets parched the leaves on the lowest branches, and threw hot reflections on the tiny grass-plots between the narrow gravel walks, and on the plants in tubs, which strove with pathetic failure to imitate the real country, as I then thought, but which now seem to me a very fair copy of the beer-gardens of the Fatherland.

When Ned and I first passed through the turnstile, no one as yet sat at the little tables ranged in order under the trees; no one was in the great shell-shaped band-stand at the far end, where lights blazed brightest and hottest. It was not much more than half-past seven; the gipsy concert did not begin until eight.

The waiters, idling where shadows made the garden least hot, looked at us, the first-comers, with lazy curiosity as we walked over to a table close to the music-stand. Presently two or three dark men lounged out from the house. They wore no sheepskin caps or silver buttons, their hair was uncurled, but I knew them. They were darker, swarthier than Seth Lovell or Davy Wharton, and I saw the gipsy in their eyes and in their every feature.

The hands of the clock over the door pointed to ten minutes to eight; the waiters had roused themselves at last, and were rushing past us with glasses of beer; the German patrons of the garden were fast filling the chairs around the little tables. Then some one brought a big bass viol and turned up

the lights still higher in the stand. There was no time to lose. Had not the Rye, had not every book I had read about them, told me that half the pleasure in the music of the Hungarian gipsies was in their playing for you alone, "into the ear," as the saying is? And I was eager that on this, their first night in Philadelphia, their music should be for me: they must know me as a gipsy sister, and not as a mere stranger like the Germans who were already busy with their pipes and beer.

"Do go and speak to them," I said to Ned.

The next minute he was addressing them politely in his most fluent Ollendorf: "I wish with the gipsies to speak."

But they shook their heads, smiled, and shrugged their shoulders. He took one by the hand, and drew him to where I sat. The others followed.

"*Rakessa tu Romānis?*" (which is good gipsy for, "Do you speak Romany?") I asked breathlessly.

They looked puzzled; they half understood, but though the words had a familiar sound, they could not quite make them out.

When they spoke, it was the same with me. Three or four others of the dark-faced men sauntered up and surrounded us. Five minutes to eight; what was to be done?

"*Rakessa tu Romānis?*" I repeated in despair.

They were now as eager as I. Suddenly a youth, with wild eyes and wilder hair, raised his left hand close to my face, and with his right pointed to each finger in turn. Was it inspiration? "*Yeck, dui, trin*" ("One, two, three"), I began.

It was enough. A dozen hands were stretched out to shake mine. White teeth glistened, dark eyes flashed. Torrents of unintelligible welcome were poured upon me. Yes: this was far better than the gossip in Oakdale Park, than the afternoon greeting by Camden reservoir.

But it was time for them to go. First they led me to the table that faced the band-stand, while the Germans under the near trees stared, and even the waiters stopped with their trays to look in puzzled amazement. In the hot glare of the gas-lights the gipsies took their seats and lifted up their violins. The leader stood in front with

bow raised. He looked to me and bowed; the eyes of all his musicians were fixed upon my face.

It began. I did not know then, as I do now, that it was a Czárdás they played. I only felt—felt the fierce passion and unutterable sadness, the love and rage in the voice of violin and cymbal. In it was all the gipsy beauty, all the gipsy madness I had ever dreamed, and more. And the music swept through me until I lived again whatever sorrow and gladness had come into my life. It is easier to let one's self go when one is young, when one has one's own romance to kindle the blood and warm the heart. All around me stolid Germans were drinking beer; occasional groups of young men from the sacred quarter, with the consciousness of evil in their smiles, were sucking sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps through long straws; glasses rattled, and now and then the bells of passing horse-cars jingled in the street beyond. But what matter? There was the starlit sky above, the trees hid the near houses, the dingy beer-garden was glorified by music divine and passionate, which was all for me alone. Is it any wonder that I lost

my head a little as I sat there in the warm summer night with the wail and rapture of the Czárdás sweet in my ears?

And yet it was only the ordinary band that one hears in every town of Hungary: a cymbal, a flageolet, half a dozen violins, a bass viol, and a cello. They played without notes, and the leader, really the first violin, now faced his audience, now turned to his musicians, first to one, then to the other, sometimes merely swaying his body, again fairly dancing in time.

When the gipsies left the band-stand they came to where I sat, while all the Germans stared the harder. They saw the pleasure in my eyes, and they were glad. I could talk fast enough with the English gipsies; as well as they, could I make my jest at the *gorgio*—the silly Gentile—standing by. But now I learnt to my cost that the Hungarian Romany has a fair show of grammar and construction, while my English friends had none. But every Romany word I said was hailed with joy and was a new bond of friendship. To table and chair, to violin and tree they pointed; its Romany name, as I said it, was an *open sesame* to their hearts.

THE BAND.

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Then one spoke atrocious French; another better German. It was the youth with the wild eyes and hair who knew the language hated of the Hungarian, and, because of the strength of his desire to talk with me, he understood my halting phrases.

Did they take me for a Romany? I think not. The gipsy knows his people too well. There is in him a mystery never yet fathomed by the *gorgio*, the Gentile. He, like the freemasons, has a mystic sign by which he recognizes his own. But, sensitive as they are, they felt that I was their friend. The leader, as if to give me formal recognition, brought his wife, who was traveling with him, to sit at my side; and then, with the grace which is half the gipsy's charm, and after the pleasant custom of Hungary,—like the music, it was new to me then; I understand it better now,—he sent for beer, and, standing about my table, they clinked glasses with me and with Ned, and solemnly pledged their friendship and good fellowship. And now, how the Germans stared!

The gipsy music was an uncertain experiment in Philadelphia, where life, like the

streets, is ordered in straight lines. To avoid failure that first evening, Karl Sentz's orchestra came and took their places in the band-stand after the first interval. The gipsies stayed with me while ordinary waltzes and overtures were played in the ordinary way, and the Germans placidly puffed at their pipes and drank their beer. As Levy blew himself red in the face over his cornet, the youth with the wild eyes and hair—Rudi, he told me his name was—leaned close to my chair and whispered in slow German: "They play from notes, these men; but we—we play from our hearts!" This is the difference; for the gipsy is not the wanderer, that hath no hope, of the Roumanian ballad, singing

Without a heart to suffer what he sings.

He has a heart when he plays; that is why, if you too have one, it beats in answer.

Well, they played again, and again it was for me alone. One Czárdás after another filled this quiet Philadelphia corner with unaccustomed tears and laughter woven into sweet, strange sounds. The longer they played, the more intense was their joy in

it — their black eyes glowed, their cheeks were aflame; when the frenzy seized them, they shouted with their violins, and then their voices were hushed as the sudden wild, low wail stilled their glad ecstasy. In the end they were as men drunk with music. To their feet they sprang as they fairly beat out of violins and cymbal the fierce, stirring summons of the Rakotzy.

But scarce had the last note been struck when Rudi, eyes like burning coals, was at my side.

"Come," he said, and he took my hand, and we ran through the garden, Ned at my heels,— the Germans dragging their heads out of their *Krügels* to look,—through the bar, through a passageway to a long hall with a row of closets on either side.

He left without a word. But in a second he was dancing back, waving over his head a pair of high boots, and, as if they were a tender offering, placed them at my feet. Again he was gone, again he was pirouetting back, red breeches flying aloft flagwise; a third time, and a blue coat swung in the air and was lowered with the tributes before me. Earlier in the evening, remembering those

beautiful wild creatures in Chestnut street and their silver buttons and sheepskin caps, I had asked if he had no special costume: this was the uniform which the Hungarian gipsy wears always abroad, never at home, except when he serves as conscript.

The others had followed fast behind, and gathered close about me. The fever of the Rakotzy was still in their faces, still coursed through their veins. They shook my hand again, they patted me on the shoulder, they laughed aloud. And I laughed with them; my hand went out to meet theirs in a warm, hearty grasp as I said good night; for at Ninth and Green a train waited—the last that night to Chestnut Hill. But the wonder of the music stayed with me as the cars steamed out Ninth street, even while the men coming home from their evening in town snored serenely in their seats, and the conductor, who knew them all but too well, rudely shook each in turn as his station was reached; it lent a new loveliness to the wide dew-drenched meadows, dim and shadowy in the starlight, as I saw them now from the window, to the silent, deserted lanes of Chestnut Hill, when I walked back to the old

house and the garden, the cool air full of the scent of honeysuckles and roses, and the crickets still chanting. It was the gipsies who had given this new, rare beauty to the summer night, and yet, as I lingered on the piazza among the flowers, too excited to go to bed, it was not of them I was dreaming!

This was but the beginning of a long summer of music and beauty. Week after week the gipsies played in the Männerchor Garden, and night after night I turned my back upon Chestnut Hill, just as the afterglow began to fade, and the first stars came out, and the wind blew fresh and pure over the meadows, to go in the hot cars to the hotter town, and then to sit in the glare of many lights, breathing rank tobacco-laden air among the beer-drinkers in the little garden which was a Paradise to me once the gipsies played. Their concerts, strangely enough, proved a success. There was soon no need for Karl Sentz's orchestra to divide the evening with them. All Philadelphia, from down-town, from up-town, from the suburbs, came to crowd the Männerchor. Perhaps a few really cared; more likely lights and movement and gaiety helped them to forget the heat

better than darkened parlors and lonely porches. It was a chance. Another season, another year, their violins might have sung, their cymbal been beaten in vain. But the summer was dull; they appeared at the right moment; they were made the fashion. Their blue coats and red breeches were seen at many a correct Germantown garden-party; proper young ladies strummed the Rakotzy on their pianos; large parties from

Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine

spent the evening at the Männerchor, and their numbers saved their reputations.

But it was always for me the gipsies waited, always for me they reserved the table facing their stand, always for me their violins and cymbal sang. I met them no longer merely as "the gipsies." Each had his distinct individuality. Of the half-dozen Sandors among them, there was first the leader, handsome, graceful, but growing too plump with Philadelphia prosperity: at a month's end his fine blue coat scarce met over his portly stomach. And there was Herr Josef, who played the cymbal, whose fingers flashed with opals and diamonds, who wore velvet when

the others went clad in cloth, and who spoke a weird tongue he called French. And Rudi,—I think I knew him best, he was so enthusiastic in his friendship; he was never from my side when he was not playing, and he was learning an English that rivaled Herr Josef's French: "Goot eefnin! I lof you! ferry vell! 'ow de do!" was his stock in trade. Then there was the large man who played the bass viol, and who said nothing but chuckled loud when he patted me on the shoulder: he was father of the little fellow, the pretty parody of his elders in his red breeches and high boots. Another, but a few years older, was beautiful as the youths in Del Sarto's pictures: St. John we called him. The cello-player never spoke to me; a deep scar marked his cheek, and sometimes he would lean his face close to his cello and whisper to it, and I thought there was mystery in his silence. Near him sat a small man with pathetic eyes, which seldom left my face, and he was as shy as the flageolet-player was fearless in his tender pantomime. And last, the thin tall gipsy like a mulatto, who, one evening, with much solemnity, gave me his photograph and a letter. It was in

Hungarian; I could not read it; I was afraid to try to find some one who could. For my answer he still waits.

July passed and August came. At the Männerchor the gipsies had been engaged for one month only. But Philadelphians had not yet tired of them, and they went to the park to play, to Belmont Mansion.

To Belmont I followed. It was further from Chestnut Hill. But in the August afternoon it was pleasant in the park and on the river in the little steamboat, starting just as shells and skiffs and canoes were launched from the row of pretty boat-houses on the banks. Some evenings Ned was with me; on others it was with J—— (who already knew his way as well as I to the tents of the Costelloes and the Whartons) that I walked up the cool glen to Belmont Hill. I liked to sit there as the evening grew fresher, looking to where the river, in shadow, went wandering toward the million eyes of Philadelphia's "magnificent mediocrity" blazing in the hot glare of the sunset. People were dining in the mansion, and on the wide porch; others were drinking beer at the little tables on the lawn; and when the sun had set and faint lights

glimmered here and there on the water below, or floated upward on passing barge or boat, and bicycle-lamps, like fireflies, flitted by in the valley, the gipsies played.

Their music seemed more impassioned and wilder here in the open night. The voice of nature and freedom, what had it to do with stuffy halls and close town gardens?

> I consumed the deep green forest,
> With all its songs:
> And now the songs of the forest
> All sing aloud in me.

All the storms and the sunshine through which they and their fathers had wandered sang aloud in the Czárdás that now went wailing and sighing, rejoicing and exulting, over the hillside down the glen. They were conscious, I think, of the difference. Their violins grew more plaintive, fiercer. They could scarce tear themselves from the music; again and again when the last note was struck, their bows would sweep the strings anew, and the cymbal beat a new summons, and they were once more whirling in the dance, or weeping their hearts away. There was magic now in their playing to hold the

most indifferent, to wake tears and laughter at will.

They waited for me at Belmont as they had in the Männerchor; they came and sat with me during the short intervals; and sometimes we walked homeward together through the dark, silent park. We grew friendlier in those long walks. It was the hour and the place for confidence, and then they would talk of the broad Hungarian plain and the wild Karpathian valleys they loved; of the vintage on the sunny hillsides and the dance in the white road. And it was then, too, that Rudi first spoke of his sweetheart in Hungary: Marie was her name. He took her photograph from his pocket. Sandor struck a match on his red breeches, and I had a glimpse of a young face framed in great masses of hair. The little flame flickered and died. "Marie! Marie!" cried Rudi in the starlight, and his voice was sweet as his violin.

During another of these long walks, Rudi said they wanted me to come the next evening, when they would play as they never had before; I had not heard yet all their violins could tell. They were going from

Philadelphia in a week now. Yes, it made them sad. Not for many months could they turn their faces toward the Hungarian plain, and Marie, and the "deep green forests." They must play first in other American towns, and it would be lonely for them when I was not near. Would I come? Would I listen?

There was but one answer to make as we walked together under the stars, with the last passionate cry of the Czárdás still ringing in my ears. I was infatuated with the gipsies, my friends told me in reproach. Perhaps I was.

They went back to the Männerchor for their last week. It was near the shell-shaped band-stand, in among the plants in tubs, where we had first met, that they were waiting when J—— and I passed through the turnstile. The leader, with unwonted ceremony, stepped forward to greet me and lead the way to the table they called mine. His wife was sitting there.

A HUNGARIAN ROMANY.

I knew them so well

now that before they spoke I was conscious of their unusual excitement. When they spoke it was with strangely boisterous gaiety; their eyes shone with a new light; there was triumph in their smiles. The little soft-eyed man for the first time wished me "*Latcho ratti*," while Rudi, speechless, danced about my chair. The gipsy with the scar was as gay as were the others.

What did it mean? I cannot explain why I was uneasy. I was not afraid, not distrustful. And yet, instinctively, I wished that I had not come. The evening would not pass as had the many I had spent dreaming my own dreams, my thoughts far away in other gardens, on other hillsides, while I listened to their music: of this I was sure before I had been with them ten minutes. And when they played? Rudi was right. Never before had I heard all that violins and cymbal could tell.

Their music was entirely Hungarian. One Czárdás after another quickened into frenzy in the warm, still night, while the waiters rushed in and out among the tables, and the Germans drank deep and long from their beer-mugs. But now the wail of sorrow was

at once silenced by a pæan of joy. They came to me again during the first interval, and the Czárdás had not quieted them. The leader sent for a bottle of Hungarian wine. Was it that, and not the music, which had gone to their heads? I stilled the suspicion as disloyal even before it took definite shape. Indeed, had theirs been ordinary intoxication it would have troubled me less. There was something far more alarming in the solemnity with which the leader filled the glasses, and all, clinking mine, drank to me in the wine of their country, and cried aloud their "*Servus! Viva! Eljen!*"

I grew more uneasy at these uncanny sounds, which I have since learned are harmless. Even as they drank, I determined to leave the garden as soon as the gipsies returned to the band-stand, and not to wait for the last friendly farewell after the Rakotzy had beaten a dismissal. Again they played a Czárdás, all fire and passion.

But I rose to go. Without seeing, I knew that their eyes followed my every movement. "*Latcho ratti!*" I said to the leader's wife, who could speak but Hungarian.

Sitting with her were two fellow-country-

men, not gipsies, whom she had met for the first time that night. She was talking with them, and at my "good night" turned in surprise. She took both my hands, and forced me into my chair.

I told her in English, though I knew she could not understand, that I must catch a train, that I could not wait. And I struggled to get up. She protested almost with tears. She held my hands tight, she looked to Sandor, she half rose, hesitated, and then suddenly spoke to the Hungarians at her side, while all the while the gipsies watched and played a remonstrance. One of the Hungarians lifted his hat: "She begs you not to go," he said.

"Tell her, please, that I have a train to catch."

There was despair in her face, and she clung to my hands. Again he translated: "She says Sandor has something of importance to talk to you about. You cannot go."

"But I must! I must!" I cried. The more she insisted, the more eager was I to be gone,—not to hear that something Sandor had to say. I could not draw my hands from hers, and again she spoke to her inter-

preter, fast and earnestly, never once looking from me. There was a twinkle in his eye, but he said gravely and respectfully:

"Madam, she implores that you stay. Sandor to-night will ask for your hand in marriage for his brother. He is wealthy. He plays well. He will take you to many lands, to his beautiful Hungary. You will be rich, you will have the gipsy music with you always."

This then was what it meant. I had been living my own romance in their music; they had been making one for me.

"It 's impossible," I said. "I must catch my train. It 's all a dreadful mistake. I cannot stay another minute. I 'm so sorry!"

And I wrenched my hands from hers. Without a look at the band-stand, though I felt all their eyes upon me and trembled at the madness of the Czárdás, I fled from the garden and the gipsies, to Ninth and Green streets, through the depot, into the cars. The train had not started before I regretted my flight. Was ever yet woman's curiosity put to so cruel a test? I had a lover among the gipsies; so much I knew. But which one of these swarthy men was Sandor's

brother, and, indeed, which Sandor was it who had a brother? Rudi loved the dark-eyed Marie in his Karpathian home, but then one or two more wives to a Hungarian gipsy would be no great matter. Herr Josef, with the flashing opals and the velvet coat, seemed the Crœsus of the band. Was it he whom I had refused with such reckless incoherence? Or was it the big bass-viol player who wanted a new mother for his boy? Or the flageolet-player, the full tenderness of whose pantomine I had not grasped? Or that soft-eyed, shy creature, or the mysterious one with the scarred cheek? I could not go back and ask. Never now would I know the lover with whom I might have wandered from land to land, at whose side, under the starlit skies of Hungary, I might forever have listened to the gipsy music.

NATURALLY, from that day forward I was full of a longing for Hungary. Within a week the gipsies had gone to a far western city; the Männerchor was left once more to up-town Germans, and nobody who was anybody was willingly seen there again. But

even if the young lady across the turnpike had not strummed the Rakotzy on her piano from morning till night, I could not easily have got the gipsies out of my head.

Who has not been foolish once, and the better for his folly? I began to dream of Hungary as a sort of earthly paradise, where the real gipsy, with long black hair curling to his shoulder, and silver buttons on his coat, wandered, violin in hand, through the cool wood and over the vine-clad hillside, or sometimes into the towns, above all to Budapest, which in my fancy was an enchanted city of the East, with domes and minarets, with marble terraces and moonlit waters—a Venetian Cairo on the Ganges. It was a trifle romantic and silly, I admit. But in our time, we have all, like Stevenson's lantern-bearers, carried our farthing dip, and exulted as if it were a ten-thousand-candle-power electric light.

Not at once did my chance come to journey, in search of this real gipsy, to the land where my unknown lover so gladly would have taken me. He and his brother Sandor returned no more to Philadelphia. The next winter another gipsy band gave a few con-

certs in town and in the suburbs. They had passed through Boston, however, and there was culture in their Czárdás; besides, they

THE BELLE OF THE CAMP.

played in the Academy of Music on the stage, while I sat, one of many, in the parquet, and the music was not for me.

Soon after this J—— went abroad. One day from him came a letter telling me how in Paris he had gone to the Eden Theater, and there in the *foyer* he had heard that low,

sweet wailing to which together we had listened many a summer night at the Männerchor, and had seen the Romany faces, the red breeches, and the blue coats. They were very like our friends, and for the sake of old times he had gone up and said "*Latcho divvus Prali!*" and they had kissed him, and welcomed him as a brother, and played for him alone, until he once more looked upon the lights blazing in the shell-shaped band-stand, and heard the cry of "*zwei bier*" under the withering trees, and the jangling of the street-car bells up Eighth street. It made me homesick, as I read, for the Hungary I had never seen—for the Hungary I was not to see until I had lived through a strange little gipsy interlude at home.

III

IT was in the greenest growth of the May-time, and late in the afternoon, when J—— and I started for the gipsy camp, just outside West Philadelphia. In three weeks' time we should have to go on a wedding-journey, and we had decided to take to the road with the gipsies. Our freedom would begin where that of most men and women ceases. We too should become free as the bird in the air, as the deer in the forest, for we would follow the gipsy wherever he goes. We were certain there was an encampment near the old place by the wood; the rumor had been spread abroad, and had come out in the "Ledger" as a warning to West Philadelphians to keep their back gates bolted. Whether it was composed of old and tried

acquaintances, or of a new, and therefore questionable, lot, we had now come out to see.

When we reached the camp we found two wagons drawn up, their doors thrown open, showing the gorgeous ruffled pillow-cases within. Gay-colored blankets and counterpanes hung over the neighboring bushes. One good-sized tent was pitched in the wood, and close by, on freshly strewn boughs, two women were sitting, meditatively chewing long straws. In front of them, as usual, was a small crowd. As we drew nearer we recognized the older of the two women. It was Rhody Lovell, whom of all our friends we were most glad to meet just then.

Rhody, when not in a temper, is kind and friendly, and then she has excellent manners, and at least makes a show of cleanliness. There was a gleam of pleasure in her red-ringed eyes when she looked up and smiled in answer to our "*Sarshan.*"

"Well, now, it 's glad I am to see you both. Many 's the time I 've thought of you. It 's a poor seat I can give you, but won't you rest awhile in the wood? And can I get *habben* (dinner) for you? No? You 've had yours? Well, then, a cup of tea? No? Well,

then, *besh alay* and *lel a bitti rakkerben* (sit down and have a little talk). You see," she continued, with a wave of her hand to the staring *gorgios*, "here is a young lady and

"AULD MON LOVELL."

gentleman as is n't ashamed to be seen sittin' along of us. Many 's the dollar I 've made out of 'em, and it 's many more I 'm going to make. For it 's a nice beautiful new fortune I 've to tell you, my dears!"

"You have deserved the money," I said,

"for nobody 's told me more about the good luck that 's coming than you have."

But apparently West Philadelphians do not allow their future to trouble them, and for all my puffing not one offered to consult the oracle. And so, as she gave us the latest news from Egypt,— telling us how old man Costello was broken-hearted over the death of his little grandson Tommy, and how Laura Lovell's temper would bring her to no good,— Rhody's own temper rose with the want of business.

"And such a funereal as they had! And then they sold his goat because the old man could n't a-bear to look at it.— Now, then, my dear, sweet little Billy,"—this to a youth of fifteen,— "get up! You 've been sittin' there starin' long enough. If you don't move right along, I 'll cut off your head with a sharp knife.— And as I was sayin', my dears, that *grasni* Laura was forever a-fightin' and was for pullin' out her *chori* (knife) at me.— Ah! my sweet little girls, you must n't come so near, or the briers will tear your pretty stockings! How nicely the little ladies walks! Now look at 'em. Why, they would n't break eggs if they was to trod on 'em."

The boys and girls to whom she spoke tittered, but they obeyed her.

"And are you *rummered* (married) yet, my dears?" she asked presently.

Then in confidential tones, and in Romany that the *gorgio* might not understand, we told her that we were not married yet, but would be soon; that we were tired of the town; and that we intended, once we had joined our fortunes, to go back to the roads where our forefathers had wandered in the good old times, before money and *gorgio* wives had made them ashamed of their kindred. And could she tell us—she who knew so well—in what part of the country it was best to travel,—north or south, east or west?

She was not astonished; gipsies seldom show surprise. But she was much interested: had we bought a wagon yet, and had we any horses? Horses were high just now. And what about our tent? And if we were not sure which road we should travel, why not go theirs? She would like to see us after we were married. They would be here for four or five weeks to come, and after that would move on to Baltimore. There was no

better place for travelers than Baltimore and the country around. And so, before we left her, we had agreed upon the day and hour when we would set up our tent by theirs.

"Good luck go with you! And you 're the most beautiful young lady and gentleman as I ever hopes to see," was Rhody's friendly farewell as we rose to go.

It was many mornings before we were provided with full camping outfit. In the end we had to hire Henry, a darkey, who had a large new wagon, and knew a man from whom he could borrow a tent. He could drive; he could sing, and play the banjo; he was not afraid of gipsies; and he could keep a secret. Moreover, all these accomplishments were at our disposal for the modest sum of $5.00 a day. The Lovells, who in their way are swells, have a faithful black to wait on them. Therefore a servant would not seem altogether out of keeping with the new life we were to follow.

The eventful day came at last. We were married at an unusually early hour. Friends regretted that the inconsiderate time-table of the Pennsylvania Railroad made this necessary. Our departure for our wedding-jour-

AN OUT-DOOR KITCHEN.

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ney was to all appearances decorous. We drove off in a carriage. We carried for luggage two trunks and a large bag. It was well no one saw the contents of the latter. It was packed with our gipsy trousseau. Old clothes, disreputable hats, bright bandana handkerchiefs, flaring neckties,—these were our bridal finery. At the station we got out of the carriage, the trunks were lifted down, and the driver returned to the livery stable from which he had been hired. Henry, according to agreement, was in waiting with his wagon, and we gave our luggage into his care. Then we took a hansom and started for West Philadelphia. We drove as far as we dared. It would never do to arrive in a carriage, so we dismissed the driver opposite a confectioner's, where we bought a piece of wedding-cake for Rhody. We walked the rest of the way.

It seemed to be a quiet morning with the Lovells; the only sound we heard, when we reached the thicket that concealed the camping-ground, was a queer scraping noise. But in the hollow we saw, instead of tent and wagon, only a pile of ashes and rubbish; bending over it was a dark, dirty little man,

all tattered and torn, with rings in his ears. He carried a large bag on his back, a tin pan on his arm, and a stick of an umbrella in his hand. With the crooked handle of the latter he was turning over the dirt left by the gipsies.

"Have you seen the gipsies who were camping here?" we asked.

"*Non capisco!*" he said.

He was an Italian rag-picker, and therefore a subject for J—— to manage. "Ah—oh! —ah—*le ve-ve-veduto le Gi-i-tano?*" the latter cried, in his fluent Italian.

But the man still shook his head. "Me no spik Inglis," he answered. Then he drew himself up, put his umbrella-stick under his arm, righted his bag, and walked slowly away. We sat down by the roadside, and despondently watched him as he crossed the fields.

We looked at each other and then at the ashes. Rain began to fall in big drops. We raised our umbrella—one of our concessions to civilization. An old man came and stood in the doorway of a shanty some distance off, and stared at us. "Well," said I, with a weak attempt at humor, "we have our wish. No

one could call this a conventional way of making a wedding-journey!"

But J—— went and leaned over the fence, and said good morning to the old man. I followed with the wedding-cake, now a melting, useless burden. Had he seen the gipsies who had been camping in the hollow? was our first question.

That he had, he told us, though he had but one eye, and it bad at that. They was all Lovells, the whole domm'd kit, and a blissid hard lot too.

Did he know them?

No, that he did n't. What should he, an honest man, be after knowin' the likes of them?

Well, then, we begged his pardon, but could he tell us how long it was since they had gone away?

Well, it might be just about two hours ago. He had not seen them drive off, but it was more than likely they had gone down the road in exactly the opposite direction from that in which we had come. Down at the end there,—pointing toward the road,—if we turned to the left and went on till we came to the creek, we would find another hard lot of

the varmints, with whom he had no doubt the Lovells had set up their tents. There they could all carry on their black games together. Upon hearing this we said good day.

As we walked away we declared we were glad the Lovells had proved faithless. It was so gipsy-like for them to have folded their tents and stolen a march on us. Whoever yet found a gipsy where or when he expected to?

Presently we came to the creek. The ground here rose rather abruptly, and on this small hill we saw the tents and wagons.

"We will surprise Rhody," we said. But the surprise was all on our side. We passed through the opening in the blackberry hedge, and strolled up to the tents. In the first a woman, an entire stranger to us, was lying in a bed made on the ground. Under the shade of a neighboring tree, four ragged, dirty, black-eyed, hungry little children sat in a row. A dark, stout man in a ruffled shirt and high boots with a bright handkerchief around his neck sat, tailor-fashion, in front. He held a tin basin and a large spoon, and was feeding each in turn.

In the next tent an old man and an old woman, also strangers, were comfortably seated smoking an after-dinner pipe, the plates and dishes and silver tea-pot piled up on one side. The old woman rose to her feet and hobbled toward us. She wanted to tell the dear, sweet young lady's fortune. Of course she did. I said she might, for I knew there was no use to ask at once for news of Rhody. There might have been urgent reasons for the Lovells to disappear suddenly, and these people knew nothing of us. So I went and sat with her at the foot of the farthest tree and stretched out my hand, palm upward in the approved manner. She leaned over it, and began in the usual trade sing-song:

"You were born under the planets of Venus and Juno, my dear, and it 's love and might that 's your portion. You 've had trouble, deep, sore trouble, in the past, and your heart has been like to break. Can you look me in the face, madam, and tell me as this is n't true? — But the trouble 's over now and the way is clear before you, if you 'll but go straight along it. For you 've to make a journey before many weeks, and to begin with

it a new trade that 's to bring you success and money. And do you understand what I means, Madam?"—And so she told me of the journey I was to make by sea, and the distance I was to travel, and of the friends I was to meet, and of one in particular, Mary by name, of whom I was to beware, and did I understand what she meant? and would I look her in the face and tell her as these things was n't true? And I had a good husband, and he was of a kindly disposition, and so long as I treated him right he would be what he ought to be; if trouble came it would never be because of him. And did I understand what she meant, and could I look her in the face and tell her as these things was n't true? Money would be ours, piles of money, and successful work and happiness too, if we were sure to steer clear of the false friend Mary, and if I was to do the right thing by my husband. And did I understand what she meant, and could I look her in the face and tell her as these things was n't true?

"*Paraco, Dye,*" said I, gratefully, "*mandy's kek been dukkered since mandy sos a bitti chi sims adovo*" ("Thank you, Mother, I have n't had my fortune told since I was a little child

like that")—and I showed on a tree behind us how high I then was.

Her hand, which she was stretching out toward me, suddenly dropped. Here was an unexpected development. But the first shock over, she bore it calmly. How could she know, she asked, that the likes of me was a Romany. And if she had, it was not a word of *dukkerin* I 'd have had of her. She would n't be caught like that again.

"For once you told the truth, *Dye*," answered I, "and looking in your face I could n't say it was n't so. I *am* going on a journey over the sea in a few weeks' time."

Then she winked. Such a wink! "There 's allus a journey on hand, my dear."

In the mean while J—— was talking with the old man. He was a good specimen of the English gipsy who is fond of his beer and his leisure, and who finds money to pay for the former and time to enjoy the latter by letting his wife do all the work. He was fat and red-faced, and his cheeks and chin were covered with bristles of a few days' growth. He was very ragged, even for a Romany, but he leaned back in solemn content against a large basket which filled one

side of the tent, smoking away all unpleasant thoughts.

He welcomed me very politely, and begged me to be seated. He never, he said, would have thought J—— was a Romany, with such light eyes and hair. But then there was Davy Wharton; his eyes were blue, and he could pass any day for a *gorgio*.

"And you belongs to the Stanleys?" he continued. "I 'm a Boswell, you know. I know'd all the Stanleys of Radnorshire. But you beant one of 'em. Which lot did you say you came from? Oh, your people came over a long time ago, did they? And the head of the house was Wullum Stanley? Who 'd 'a' tho't it? I know'd a Luke Stanley in the old country. But you say this here other chap married a *gorgio* and made lots of money. I 've 'eard tell of sich things. There 's a young Romany woman married a *gorgio* in Camden, and is livin' there as fine as possible. You 're sure your uncle was n't Luke? I lost sight of Luke after he begin a-travelin' for his self. O, your uncle died about a hundred years ago? Well, that settles it. I could n't ha' know'd him."

He began apologizing for his appearance.

He was all broke up, he said. He had been the whole morning looking for his son. The boy had been after some of his mischief and he had threatened him with a beating, and so the kid was off before daybreak. He had ridden down-town with them Lovells that was goin' Camden way, and then to the Rising Sun, where them other Lovells is, but his son was n't there.

Was it Rhody Lovell he had ridden with?

Yes, she and the rest of them. They had given him a lift. They was—

But we would listen no longer. We had learned the one fact we wanted to know. We said good-by at once, much to the old man's disappointment, for he was prepared for a long gossip.

"I say, I want to tell you the news," he cried.

But I picked up the wedding-cake, now glad that I had not given it to the *Dye* as I had thought of doing, and after a hasty *Kushto Bak* we hurried back by the way we had come.

Old Boswell's family seemed to be larger than we had first supposed. We had gone but a short distance when we saw a woman

with a baby and a small boy sitting under a tree near the roadside. The boy came running toward us: "Please, sir, give me a penny." He was an absurd little fellow, with the features of a child, the expression of a knowing old man, and the unmistakable Romany eye. His corduroy breeches were too big for him; so was his velveteen coat. His hat was a soft felt with a high crown, but it had lost the brim. He begged with a whine that showed long practice. A penny? and what would you do with it? "Buy arctics," was his prompt reply. Then I felt that his moral needs were greater than his physical wants, and I said to him, "*Dont tute jin tute's pennin a boro hockaben?*" ("Don't you know that you 're telling a shocking story?") Oh, no, he was n't. In his desire to prove his moral integrity, he never even noticed the change from English to Romany. He was campin' up in the woods yonder, and often the grass was wet, and he had no shoes or stockings, and arctics was very comfortable. It was our wedding-day, and so we gave him two cents.

When we reached the wood again, a white covered cart was drawn up in front of it.

The horse, with its head buried in a deep bag, was eating its dinner; the driver was curled up asleep on his seat. It was Henry earning his $5.00 a day. We woke him and bade him drive us immediately to the Market street ferry. We knew his car would not prove a rapid means of transit, but in this lonely place there was not a carriage to be had. The Market street horse-cars were near, but in them we should be very likely to meet friends, or at least acquaintances, in which case our reputation would be lost, or made, forever. Once inside, we pulled down the flap at the back of the car, fastened it securely, and sat, one on each trunk, on opposite sides. Then off we went, jolting up and down over the rough road and still rougher cobblestones. What a long, weary drive it was! Now we were on the track behind a horse-car, and brought to sudden halts every few minutes when it stopped for passengers. And now we were in front of it, with its driver whistling us off. Sometimes we fell in behind a long train of carts and crept along at their pace. At others we hurried, or tried to hurry, past them on the cobbles, to be so sorely shaken and thrown about that we held

on to our trunks for dear life. Once, near the Broad street station, and again a little further on, we saw familiar faces which seemed to peer right into our wagon, and in fear and trembling we drew back into its deepest shadow. I could imagine how, if we were seen, the story would develop, until it would be said our poverty was so great we had made our wedding-journey as so much freight.

We sat on our trunks as patiently as possible, even after Henry had driven the car on to the ferry-boat, until we reached the other side of the river. But once in Camden, we could stand the jolting and the snail's pace no longer. Here there was small chance of being found out, since we knew but one girl and Walt Whitman in the whole place. We told Henry to wait by the wharf. If we did not return in two hours, then he must follow us to the reservoir, and we gave him minute directions as to the road he must take.

Then we got in the horse-car. It stops, as everybody who has been to Camden knows, just where the Pennsylvania Railroad makes a definite line between town and country. Passing a grocer's, we bought a few crackers,

for by this time we were hungry, and we ate our wedding-breakfast as we walked. Davy Wharton had camped by the reservoir all through the winter, but now that the little wood around it was so fresh and green and pretty, he was off on the roads again. Not a wagon or tent was to be seen.

There was nothing to do but to walk back to the wharf. We still had time before dark to reach the Rising Sun, where the other family of Lovells had already camped, and there was just a chance that Rhody had joined them.

Then followed another slow flight in the car across the river and through the crowded streets. All our energies were spent in keeping our places on the trunks. At first there was a heavy shower, but it was over before we came to the end of our drive. When we were in Broad street, within a square of the Rising Sun, we made Henry draw up the wagon in the gutter, and this time we told him to wait for our return.

In the little park were four tents and three large wagons. Before we opened the gate we saw that the grass was well trampled down and worn away. Ragged, soiled gar-

ments hung upon the fence, and scraps of greasy paper and linen, bits of vegetables, bones, pieces of bread and meat were strewn around the wagons. The straw inside the tents—the Costelloes always had carpet—was dirty and matted together. An atmosphere of squalor hung over the whole encampment. Freedom amid such surroundings lost its charm. A group of six or eight men and women, as squalid as their belongings, were eating a late dinner. An old hag of the party came toward us: Would the dear, sweet young lady have her fortune told? No, she would not; one fortune a day was enough.

In front of the next tent sat a woman we knew, a young Mrs. Lovell. She was a not very near cousin of Rhody's, and had come from the old country but a year or two before. She never stirred until we were close to her; but then she greeted us cordially and begged us to be seated, at the same time bringing a wooden bench from the tent. The ground was damp, she said.

The conversation began with the usual compliments. Where had she spent the winter? And we hoped she had had good luck, and had swindled the *gorgios* to her

heart's content. Then it was her turn, and of course the first question was, were we *rummered* (married) yet?

Yes, we were.

"And I wish you *joyce*, ma'am," she exclaimed, "and may you both live prosperous as we would, my dears, if it wa'n't for that 'usband of mine. He 's a good man when he is n't *matto* (drunk), but he 's allus at all hours in the *ketchema* (tavern) a *piin levinor* (drinking beer)."

She asked if we had heard the news, as how old Rosanna Lovell—"she as the papers and the *gorgios* called the Queen of the gipsies, though she wa'n't no more of a real Queen than I am, my dears"—had been all of a sudden took ill and died of it. And as how word had been brought to Seth and Rhody—

"Where is Rhody?" we interrupted.

"Now jest wait, and ye 'll know all about her." And she repeated that word had been brought to Seth and Rhody, as was a-campin' over in West Philadelphia, and so they had started off at once that they might be in Long Island, where the old woman was livin', to bury her. They had passed by their place

in the morning, but had hardly waited to say "*Sarshan.*" They was a-goin' to travel night and day till they got there."

"But old Boswell told us they went Camden way," said I, blankly.

"And you believed him?" and she laughed so loud that two or three men came from other tents to ask what was the joke. Old Boswell had been up to his usual tricks, she said, and had been a-foolin' of the young lady and gentleman.

"Old Boswell!" cried one of the men. "Why, you can't never believe no word as he says. There ain't nowhere such an old villain. He carries about with him them there three wives of his until no decent Romany will have nothin' to do with him, and he can't open his mouth without falling down it for lyin'."

"You 'd better be a-comin' inside," here broke in Mrs. Lovell, "the rain 's a-startin' again."

As she spoke the light sprinkling we had already felt became a brisk shower. We looked in the tent. It swarmed with children, and was dense with smoke from a little stove on which an unsavory mess was cooking. A thorough drenching seemed

better than dry clothes and feet bought at the price of such shelter. It was late, we said; we must be hurrying on our way. But could she tell us when Rhody would be back. No, she could not. "When them Lovells once gets on the road, there 's no telling where they might n't go." Then she wished us *joyce* again, and we thanked her with a dismal *Kushto Bak.*

To camp with the Lovells to whom we had just said good-by was not to be thought of. To take refuge under the chestnuts with the wicked old Boswell and his harem was scarce more desirable, and, besides, a distance of almost ten miles lay between us and the chestnuts. Should we set up a camp of our own? And if we did where should we go? I remembered the story the Stanleys once told me; how, after a long day's journey, they had pitched their tent in a certain field in this neighborhood and, though it was late at night, the owner of the ground had come and turned them off. Suppose we should meet a like fate! It was not a pleasant thought. Before we arrived at any decision, we were back by the wagon.

"Mighty sorry," grumbled Henry in greet-

ing, "but I ain't gwine to stay out in the rain no mo'. I ain't had nuffin' to eat since nine o'clock; you 've ain't done pervided no pervisions, and our engagement ain't to stand round in this ridic'lous fashion no-how."

This settled it. Gipsies, weather, and now Henry had struck. So ended our wedding-journey—our beautiful dream of freedom. But there was no time to be lost just then in vain regrets. We must make up our minds to something, and that at once! With a determination born of necessity, J—— said firmly, "Drive us to the New York Junction, Henry."

We got to the station in a few minutes, dismissed Henry, consulted a time-table, bought our tickets, checked the wretched trunks and bag, and waited patiently for the train. No one noticed us but the porter, who had seen us arrive, and could not understand why two respectable-looking people should have driven up in a furniture-car. He appeared at the door every now and then, and stared in a bewildered and uncertain way, as if he wondered whether we were not subjects for the police. As we sat there we grew very hungry. We had had nothing but

a few crackers since breakfast. There was no near restaurant, but the wedding-cake, if it had outlived its purpose, was still eatable. It made a melancholy meal, washed down with the warm water that always comes out of the railway station ice-cooler.

Then the train arrived and we got in, the porter still looking after us.

IV

ANOTHER year, and J—— and I were abroad together. We had been in London only a few days, and its roar—like the roar of the loom of Time, as Lowell once said—still fell loud and strange on our ears. I remember it was Sunday afternoon; we had been to the Langham to see the Rye, and were walking down Regent street, where I wondered at the great heavy shutters in front of the store-windows, so old-fashioned after our Chestnut street stores, which make as gay a display on the first as on any other day of the week, and still more at the girls on this pleasant July day with big fur capes over their lawn dresses, and at the soldiers with the funny little caps stuck on one side of their heads, and at the policemen, who

surely belonged by rights to the "Pirates of Penzance" and Gilbert and Sullivan. We were staring at any and every thing as if London were a big show got up for our benefit. And so, when, on the ladder of a passing 'bus, a man suddenly appeared, wildly waving his arms in our direction, we walked slower to see what new thing would happen now. One or two other people stopped. The man flew down the ladder, tumbled off the last two steps, and started to run. The conductor dashed after him: he had not paid. He fumbled in his pocket with one hand, the other he waved toward us. More people lingered, and in a minute there was quite a crowd. At last he found his penny, and then with a bound he was at our side, both hands outstretched. It was Herr Josef,—Herr Josef smiling and laughing and crying, opals and diamonds flashing on his fingers, talking now his old bad French, now his new worse English. We all three walked down the street; before we parted he promised to come to us at our hotel, and we gave him our card. Of course he never appeared, which perhaps was fortunate; for, if he had, I do not know what

we should have done with him. From that day to this we have not laid eyes on Herr Josef, who played the cymbal so well and who may have been my lover.

Another evening, while London was still our wonderland, J—— and I had been dining in a shabby foreign restaurant, whose name I have forgotten, in Leicester Square, with a French actress studying her lines, and an oily Jew staring out of the window, through which we could see the statue of Shakspere in the little green space, and the women and children whom the most famous dynamiter in fiction wanted to blow up. The dinner was bad, and we left the place cross and still hungry. Close by the door, a small dark man in red breeches and blue coat came sauntering quietly round the corner. But at sight of us he gave a sudden war-whoop of joy, seized J——'s embarrassed hands, and kissed him again and again. He was one of the gipsies from the Eden Theater, and his ecstasy soon drew a large and not over-reputable crowd. Two policemen bore down upon it, and in the confusion we escaped.

But, amusing as were these meetings, my

real gipsy was not to be found in London streets. I was no nearer to him in England than I had been at home. Sometimes I seemed further away, for here the poor Romany had been exploited, and traveling up and down the roads in fine vans with *valets* in attendance were gentlemen gipsies (save the mark!). As if every gipsy were not a gentleman; as if any gentleman could hope to be a gipsy! It was no better when, with the Rye, I went to see the Romany at Epsom on Derby Day, or to Hampton for the costermongers' race. How they all begged, these English Coopers and Stanleys, Boswells and Lovells!—all save old Mattie Cooper, with face as dark as Herr Josef's or Rudi's, and eyes as wild. He asked for nothing, but, the day I met him in the soft English sunshine by Thames's side, gave me a great bunch of sweet carnations, with the bow of a prince. But there is only one Mattie Cooper in England.

As the years passed, now and then we listened to Hungarian Romanies at London garden-parties or receptions, where, amongst the people enjoying themselves in the solemn British way, they seemed like the bird of

their song caged, the deer brought to bay. We came across them at the Paris Exhibition of 1889,—but what charm was there in music played to the Cook's tourists sweltering in the heat of the Champ de Mars, covered with its grey dust?

At last, suddenly and unexpectedly, as all good things happen, we were called to Hungary. The parks were green and gay in London, and the may and laburnum were in bloom, when we packed up everything in the little Westminster house and gave the keys to the landlord: once we had met my gipsy, who might say when we would come back again? For the time, we too must be free as he to go and to come.

V

ONE Sunday morning early, on the way to Hungary, we wheeled our bicycles into Pirna, the little Saxon town on the Elbe; for, as gipsies should, we were traveling by road. The day was bright, church bells were ringing softly, people were idling in the steep, sunny streets. As we came into the great square, under the heavy walls of the old town-hall, out upon the summer air, drowning the church bells, stirring the whole place into sudden life, beat the first call of the Rakotzy. What if it were only the town band playing there—men in top hats and black coats, with none of the gipsy fire in their Saxon faces! The Rakotzy was still the music to hear when one's eyes were turned toward gipsyland.

Not many days after, we were in the Austrian hills, near Ischl, climbing a high moun-

A HILL CAMP.

tain between endless pine-forests. In the dense woodland it was already twilight, and the air had the freshness of night, though,

when we passed a clearing among the trees and looked down, far below, a lake, lying there encircled by hills, was warm and golden in the sunset. And just here, the loveliest spot in all that wild mountain-pass, two gipsy tents were pitched. The Romany makes his camp where there is most beauty by the way-side, as instinctively as the bee flies to the sweetest blossom in a flower-garden.

"*Latcho divvus!*" we called as we passed.

"*Latcho divvus!*" came the quick answer, and an old woman and a man sprang to their feet. But we kept on. We had a long climb before us, and it was getting uncomfortably dark among the trees. Besides, would we not pass the same camp every day in Hungary—would we not in many sit and listen to cymbal and violin? Besides—well, we did not know these gipsies, and the night was black, and we had not lost all our common sense even if we were gipsy-hunting. They were the first and last we met in Austria.

But a week later we were in Hungary. It was noon: we had come to the end of the long street, lined with white cottages turning their gable-ends to it, and with rows of well-poles like masts along a quay, which, in the

single morning's ride from Pressburg, we had learned to be the typical Hungarian village; beyond, under a group of trees overshadowing two quiet pools,—of course the prettiest, greenest, shadiest oasis in the uninteresting stretch of cultivated plain,—we saw the first Hungarian camp. Out from the tents rushed men in the loose white drawers, or divided skirts, of the Hungarian peasant, women in ragged petticoats and bare feet, boys and girls as naked as God made them, funny little black things on the dazzling white road. They seemed free enough to match their song—free, indeed, not only as the bird in the air, but as the savage in desert or jungle. But we had been pushing our bicycles for hours through the sand-tracks which in lower Hungary pass for highways, and we were too tired to care who or what they were. We did not speak, and the wretched things ran after us begging, whines their only music.

By the time we got to Raab we were twice as tired. Our supper eaten, we went at once to bed, without a look at the town, without asking whether in it were the gipsies we had come all the way from London to meet. We caught a glimpse of the familiar red breeches

and blue coat in front of the hotel, but they were worn by the soldierly driver of a carriage with a coronet on the door. He might have been the one and only gipsy left in Hungary, and he could not have kept us on our feet another minute. But as we were falling into our first sleep, a sweet wail broke on the night's stillness, a wail we knew and loved, and it rose and fell, now low, now loud, and louder, until it burst into the full frenzy of the Czárdás. Gipsies were playing somewhere below, and they played there for hours, while we listened in the darkness, half sleeping, half waking, thinking of the old evenings in the Männerchor long ago, of the beautiful evenings that were to come. And I liked it so best on our first night in Hungary: to hear without seeing them, as if we still dreamed, and yet to know all the time that we were really in gipsyland.

We gave up the fight with the sand the next day, and took the boat at Gran, the Rome of Hungary, with the sham St. Peter's on the hilltop, and we steamed all afternoon down the Danube, which is blue only in Strauss's waltz, between low hills, past long rafts, steered by strange creatures in loose

white, with wild hair hanging to their shoulders from under broad-brimmed black hats. As we sat under the awning of the upper deck, the opening wail of a Czárdás startled us; it was a weak, shaky, puny little wail from the violin of a tiny gipsy boy perched atop a pile of boxes on the lower deck, where he was surrounded by a crowd of those strange creatures in white, who wrapped themselves in shaggy sheepskins as the evening grew cooler. He fiddled away while the sun fell below the western hills, while the greyness of twilight stole over the river, while one by one lamps were lit on the shadowy banks, until, in a blaze of light, Budapest came out of the darkness. It seemed, now we were in gipsyland, that we were always making excuses not to speak to the Romany. But we knew the scene that would follow if we went down and talked to the child, and still we bided our time. And then — he too was begging for kreutzers.

Five minutes after we had heard the last sweep of his bow over the strings of his violin, a burst of the same music, but strong, and steady, and loud, greeted us as we came to the Hôtel Hungaria. The river flowed

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BUDAPEST AT NIGHT.

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below the windows of the room into which we were shown. When we leaned out, we could see the brilliant embankment,—the Corso they call it,—with the chairs under the trees and the people eating ices. It needed only an illuminated barge, like those which float on Venetian waters, only the twang of a lute, the beat of a cymbal, out there in the summer night, and we should have been in that Cairene Venice on the Ganges, that town of Oriental splendor and ceaseless music, which was the Budapest of our imagining. But the gipsies were in the dining-room, which we found — for we went down-stairs almost at once — was the court covered in by a glass roof, but, with its shrubbery and flowers, looking like a garden, and a garden on a feast day, so many were the colored lights among the leaves, so gay the blue and gold of the Hungarian officers, so elaborate the dress of the full-blown Hungarian beauties. At the end of the room, opposite the door, in a bower of palms and oleanders, were the gipsies, correct and commonplace in stiff linen and black coats, the leader with his violin facing the audience as he stood grinning as if in bored resignation.

Every table in the large court was crowded, but behind the musicians ran a slightly raised gallery where there were fewer people. Here, between the palms, we could watch the musicians sitting around the cymbal in their bower. They stopped playing as we took our places: the leader turned, they all drew close together, as from underneath a table he drew out a plate piled high with gulden notes and small silver coins. Eagerly they bent over as he counted the money and laid it to one side. Then on the empty plate he put one gulden note—about fifty cents—as a decoy, and stepping down, he passed from table to table, smiling and bowing, actually begging! The real gipsy, who calls no man master, who plays but for his own delight, begging in the *boro ketchema* of the *gorgio!*

He came to us in our turn, when, instead of a rapturous Romany greeting, we gave him a twenty-kreutzer piece. I almost wished he would throw it back in our faces: but he did not; he bowed and smiled superciliously as the coin fell silently on the pile of notes.

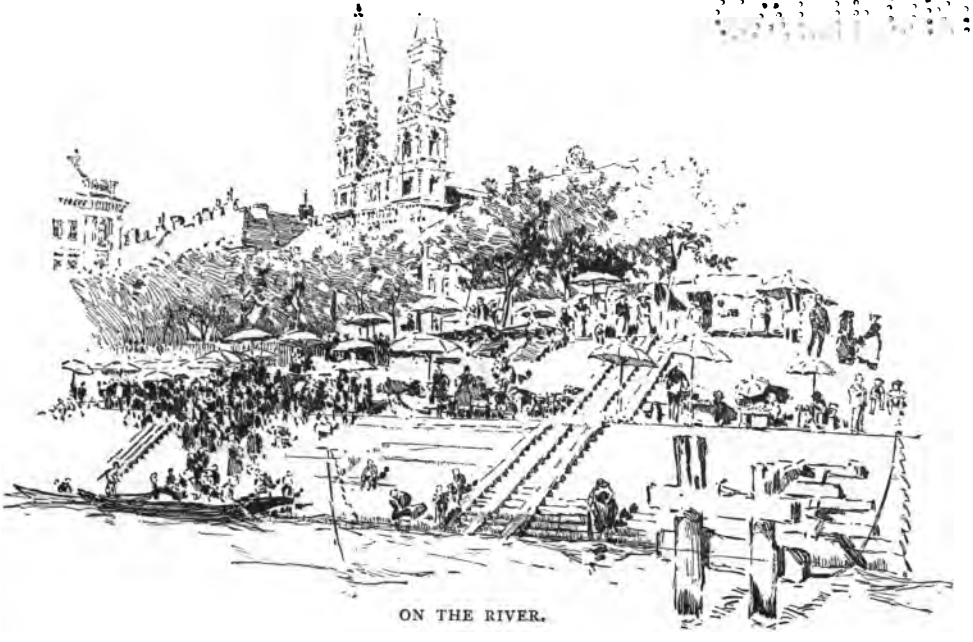
The collection over, they played again, but there was no magic in music bought for a few kreutzers. It was dull and lifeless. A party

of unmistakable English tourists came into the room, and in a second they had struck up "God Save the Queen," quickly turned into a combination of "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" to make quite sure. This completed our disenchantment.

But for the next week or two we went through a steady process of disenchantment. Our Budapest of the marble terraces and Oriental dirt seemed a very Chicago or Denver of the *Pusztas:* a brand-new town with boulevards and electric street-cars, and the sanitary engineering and other things which won the praise of Dr. Albert Shaw. It was well enough, so long as we stayed by the river; from our windows we always looked to a beautiful picture: a *nocturne* in blue and gold when the lamps were lit; dazzling in the early morning when the sun shone on the hills of Buda, and glorified even the long yellow wall and green shutters of the royal palace that was so much more like an Atlantic City or Cape May hotel; a marvel of color when the same hills were black against the sunset. And there was a suggestion of the East in the half-naked dark men in long white tunics, or wide drawers, or scarce more

than a cloth about their loins, who unloaded the barges in sight of the elegant idlers drinking coffee on the Corso. And we found the East again further down the embankment, where market-women in gay dresses sat by their piles of melons and peaches, *paprikas* and tomatoes, under the big umbrellas which the progressive Hungarian is eager to change for one unbroken roof; and by the riverside, where were always the fishermen's boats with the high Greek prow and the gaudy Christ or Saint on the gilded cabin door.

Once we went from the river we might have been in our own far Western towns instead of in the capital of Attila's land; except when in broad daylight barefooted, short-skirted peasant girls danced the Czárdás on the steps of a railway station; except at night when the watchman, in sheepskins, his halberd over his shoulder, made his rounds. But the newness of the place itself was aggressive. Not an old building anywhere, but a church done up to look as new as the rest, a real Turkish bath restored and working, and a tomb of some old sheik, to which we never went. Why should we? In this



ON THE RIVER.

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modern city we knew it would be as impressive as the obelisk in Central Park.

And the people were in keeping with their town. The men were tailor-made from London; the women, well-dressed *Parisiennes* transported from the banks of the Seine to the Danube. If the wild Hun had been tamed until all character had gone from him, it was no wonder that the fire had died from the Romany's music, that his violin had lost something of its power and charm.

For though we heard the gipsies again at the Hungaria, and at every other hotel where they played, at the big Café de l'Opéra in the Andrassy-strasse, and at the smaller restaurants where, on Sunday evenings, artisans and soldiers grew noisy over their half liter, always they seemed spiritless and subdued. There was no difference except that at the café and the cheap restaurants, when the leader made his rounds, his plate was filled with coppers.

We thought perhaps it was playing indoors that oppressed them, playing in close cafés and hotel courts when half Budapest was drinking coffee in flower-scented gardens and on the oleander-shaded pavement, or eating

suppers in the middle of the street and on the sidewalks, where at every table candles spluttered and sparkled in the darkness: not

DRINKING COFFEE.

even in France or Italy do people live more in the open air than in Hungary. And so, when the friends we made in Budapest told

us that gipsies played at the Margarethen-insel, the island in the Danube which the Archduke Josef, its owner, has turned into a public park, we took the little steamboat late one hot September day and steamed up against the current, under the suspension-bridge, past the huge pile of the new parliament buildings, past the gay Kaiser Bad, with its brazen German band, to the pretty green island. Till twilight we walked along the trim, well-kept paths and by the sweet flower-garden, its roses still in blossom, and by the ruins of an old nunnery, to the restaurant at the upper end. There are baths here, as there are at every turn in Budapest and all Hungary, and hotels where people come for the summer, and the crowd was the same one sees at the sea-shore or in the mountains anywhere. The gipsies were already in the band-stand; among them were several who looked like Jews, and it seemed to us that the plate was passed oftener than at the Hungaria or the Café de l'Opéra.

Another afternoon we went to the Volksgarten. There was a home-like intensity in the September heat, which made it impossible

to walk, and it was in one of the old-fashioned busses, with the hood in front, that we rattled up the wide Andrassy-strasse, where no two houses, proud citizens boast, are alike, though there is but one, the big Café Reuter, which might with artistic profit have served as model for the others. We had left immaculate business-men eating ices among the geraniums of the Kiosk on the Danube; we found their more immaculate wives and children eating ices and concocting scandal under the trees of the Volksgarten, and, though the sun was still high in the heavens, the music had begun. There were again Jews among the gipsies here, we thought, and before our ice was finished the plate had been passed twice.

It mattered little whether they tuned their violins in doors or out; we missed the old swing and rhythm that had set us to dreaming dreams in the shabby Männerchor. And why were all so bent on wearing the ugly clothes of the *gorgio?* We should have liked better the old red breeches and blue coats, even if they were but half soldier's uniform, half servant's livery. There were days when, in our disappointment, we wondered sadly

THE ANDRÁSSY-STRASSE.

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whether the fault lay with us, whether it was because our time had come

> To creep in close about the fire
> And tell grey tales of what we were, and dream
> Old dreams and faded.

It was after the visit to the Volksgarten that we heard of Budapest's yearly market, which lasts for a week, and often attracts from the far Karpathians families of gipsies who bring wooden spoons and platters for sale. The city has grown up about the market-place where the fair is held. From the modern streets with the well-dressed people, the electric cars, and the mounted policemen waiting in the quiet Rings for the traffic's rush and crush, which it is hoped the years and Dr. Shaw's article and our book will bring, it was but a step to the open fields, now covered with tents and booths, and filled with strange peoples in stranger garments—Hungarian peasants, the men in white divided skirts, high boots, and jackets brave with silver buttons; the women with bright ribbons braided in their hair, their many skirts, one over the other, standing out like crinoline, swaying at every step like a ballet-dancer's,

A GOOD BELT.

showing bare feet or high boots; Slovaks from the mountains, unkempt hair in disorder about their shoulders, loose shirts confined by

enormously wide, brass-studded leather belts, embroidered sheepskin jackets; greasy Polish Jews, the single curl over each ear and the long caftans; soldiers in blue tights slipped inside their shoes; policemen in high boots, like the peasants, a cockade falling on one side over the straight brim of their stiff felt hats; Serbs in baggy blue Turkish trousers and fez; every kind of delightful creature save a gipsy.

We had walked again and again in the brilliant sunshine, up and down between the booths, as characterless as the fine shops in the Waitzen or Andrassy-strasse. The ground was strewn with rind of the watermelons upon which every one had breakfasted, when, toward noon, a sound of music brought us back to our starting-place. Two rows of tent restaurants, shut earlier in the morning, were now open, and from each came savory smells and deafening noise. In some were Serbs with a curious little instrument, half mandolin, half violin; but in the greater number were gipsies, who had joined that vast crowd without our seeing them, though they alone wore a dress that would have passed unnoticed in the Bowery or in Whitechapel.

We went into one of the tents—it made little difference which; there was really no choice. But the Romanies here, we thought, looked a trifle darker and wilder. Two or three were as yellow as Hindus, and in their eyes was the true gipsy gleam; all had the regular, refined features of their race. But the mud of weeks was on their boots and trousers; the greasy Jews in the rear booths would have scorned their coats and hats; their linen had not been changed for days. They were not even picturesque in their dirt and rags. The leader was gravely tipsy, but he steadied himself as we came in, and with a show of style began to lead a shrill, screechy Czárdás that set our very teeth on edge. I had believed that every Hungarian gipsy plays by instinct, as a bird sings; but the music of these men was as forlorn as themselves.

J—— ordered beer, for we could not sit there without eating or drinking, and he got out a gulden note, as he had no small change, to pay. There was the glare of a starved wild beast in the leader's eyes when he saw it; I think he must have pounced upon it, had not the proprietor of the restaurant captured it

in time. We could not stand that glare; there were in it hunger and thirst, the story of a long spell of bad luck. We did not like to offer food, though I doubt if they would have objected, but we had to do something for our own comfort, and J—— asked them to have a glass of beer with him. Then we said a few words in Romany in half-hearted fashion. We did not want to, but it was foolish to keep on waiting indefinitely for the proper kind of gipsy, who gave no sign of his existence. They tried to pretend to be pleased, but it was a hollow mockery all around. The flageolet-player, in a burst of confidence, showed me how his instrument had worn away his upper teeth. The tipsy leader kissed my hand, while his greedy eyes followed J——'s every movement. They even came and made a circle about the table, and "played into our ear." It would have been funny had it been less tragic; for their playing was abominable, and it was the proprietor who bade them play. It was he too who signaled to them to strike up the Rakotzy when, heart-sick, after the leader had snatched our money, we started to go. Then we saw why it had been to his interest to keep us; outside, peo-

ple had gathered, others looked over the canvas walls of the tent. Like the man who beats the drum at the side-show, we were drawing the crowd. We passed by the other tents without stopping.

Often in our evening prowls through the streets we heard the same screechy Czárdás coming from those smaller drinking-places which hang out the primitive painting of a bottle of yellow wine and a loaf of yellower bread with a knife stuck in it, always more intelligible to us than the signs in Magyar that looked so barbarous in print and sounded so musical when spoken. We never went inside, where we knew we should see the same poor starved wretches, where we should be looked upon as intruders by the people, as a bank to be broken by the gipsies, who could not be supposed to understand that our only capital was much devotion to them, for which they did not care, and little money, for which they did care to a degree that we took as an offense. We did not mind the begging of the wandering gipsies we met on the road one day near the old Roman Aquincum. They were so jolly about it. It was their little game in life, the one art they cultivated;

and the whining of the tiny, naked, black boys and girls, turning somersaults in the hot sunshine, meant no more than the wheedling of the English gipsy woman who wants to tell your fortune. But those others, who pre-

A REAL EGYPTIAN.

tended to be musicians when they were beggars, were too dead in earnest. They would have bartered all the freedom of the deer in the forest, had they possessed it, for kreutzers.

It was no better in the near villages, to

which we went once or twice on Sunday afternoons. We found peasants dancing the Czárdás in the stuffy inn, but when we came the gipsies stopped playing and began to beg.

They were every bit as much in earnest in the big hotels; but there they were prosperous, and after the first shock it gave me to see my unknown lover's kinsmen passing round the plate like respectable vestrymen in church, we enjoyed the humor of it. The gipsies are graceful in whatever they do. If these musicians swindled us, it was with a style that won our hearts. For example, if you had just sat down when the collection began, the leader on his rounds had a pretty way of not handing you the plate. The first time we thought he was paying us a personal compliment, for it happened to be the leader with the face of a Jew, who had got to know us so well that he bowed and smiled when we entered or left the dining-room—as, however, we discovered afterward, he smiled and bowed to every one seen for the second time. But this evening, if he passed us by in the beginning, his next collection began at our table; of course he got twice as much for his politeness, as he knew he would.

I remember one evening, after he had made us believe that he was thinking of nobody in the room but ourselves, that he was playing for us alone, and we were ready to shower untold wealth upon him, he stepped from his green bower (I can still feel myself smiling complacently as he came), and, with never a glance at us, went to a near table to "play in the ear" of a Hungarian whose head was bowed, whose face was tear-stained, whose bottle of *szomorodni* was half empty, and who was enjoying himself thoroughly. And then he went back to the bower with a handful of notes — not ours.

More than that once, in crowded dining-room, did we see a strong, full-grown man, with his elbows on the table, his hands clutching his head, convulsively crying like a child, without shame or restraint, and thrusting piles of gulden notes into the hands of the gipsy at his side. They were really not like other men, after all; it is not in every country you see people weeping bitterly when they are merriest.

And, by and by, we discovered that, despite the English tailors, there was a special Hungarian type, though how much the little

strip of narrow side-whisker, worn as close to the ear as possible, had to do with making it, we could never quite determine. And then we began to find the gipsy.

It had grown so hot with September, and the nights were so close and still, that for a week we had been dining at one of the little groups of tables, each with its single candle, ranged in the middle of the street, when one evening, with friends, we went again to the brilliant green hotel court. We came in late; the place was crowded, and the music had long since begun. It may have been something in our mood, but for the first time it seemed to us that there was the right ring in violins and cymbal.

Racz Pal was leading—there was a different leader every night. He was one of the thirty-three sons of the more famous gipsy of the same name who had fought for his country, and had been an exile with Kossuth, and Pulszki, and Teleki, and Mogyoródy, and all the other patriots of '48. He was known from one end of Hungary to the other, and to his funeral, but a few years since, great magnates had gone as if he were a prince.

The entire width of the court separated our

table from the musicians, but we had not been in the room five minutes before Racz Pal knew, as well as we did ourselves, that we felt his music, that it had struck a responsive chord. The gipsies for so many generations have swayed the souls of men with their violins, that now they can tell by instinct when their charm has worked. He watched us as we sat there, mostly silent: you do not want to talk when the gipsies are really playing. When he came with the plate, which he did soon enough, he asked what he must play for us. For the first time I wanted in the old way to speak to the gipsy. It was almost unconsciously, almost as if it were the one natural thing to do, that I said a word or two of Romany. He answered in far better English as he stood there, plate extended, correct and dignified. But when he went back among the oleanders and took up his violin, he played only the Czárdás, the waltzes, the overtures to which we had listened in the stifling Männerchor or on the airy hill at Belmont. Then, at times, I had dreamed dreams of Hungary; but now it was in the past I lived. We are young but once. Had I had but a little of the Hungarian's simplicity, I

could have put my head down too and cried for my lost youth and its romance.

The music stopped only when now and then Racz Pal came to ask what next his violin must sing for us. And every great joy of that long-lost summer sprang into life again as they played; my heart was breaking with its every sorrow. There was the scent of dried rose-leaves in their music, the windings of the river in the moonlight, the voice of love.

I think the diners must have gone without my knowing it, for the waiters began putting out the lights here and there, until all the court was in cool darkness except in our corner. But still the gipsies played.

Presently Racz Pal, always playing, came slowly through the darkness to my side, his violin close to my ear, its every note thrilling me with pain that was almost unendurable in its sweetness. One by one the others, always playing, crept down until all stood around us among the shadows. I do not know whether we gave them more money; I do not think they knew either. But they played on and on, exulting in their power. Was it with tears my cheeks were wet, I wonder? Was there really some one opposite with head bent

low, his clenched fists beating the table, singing like mad? And who was sober enough to push back his chair and break the charm? Not I. The violin was too sweet in my ear. And these wild creatures with flaming eyes and faces aglow, who kissed my hands, were they the musicians who had seemed so cold and passionless as they sat among the palms and oleanders?

We came to our senses the next morning in the sunlight that was pouring in hot cheerfulness on the hills of Buda, while the only music was the puffing and whistling of the little steamboats across the Danube, and it was possible to think as well as feel. Then we decided that it was worth waiting three weeks for one such night of beauty, and that if Racz Pal and the others had only worn curls and silver buttons, and had been playing like that in camp by quiet stream or in lonely woodland, and we had come upon them by chance, our ideal had been realized, our quest over.

It was then, too, that for the first time it occurred to me how very little Racz Pal had cared for my Romany — such as it was. Every time I had spoken it, he had answered in English or German. But another evening

that same week, J—— had gone somewhere, and I was dining alone in a small room next to the large court, where, at a table under the light, I could now read my book, now listen to the music. I had not looked to see who was leading. But when collection-time came, there was a step on the stairs to my quiet retreat, and Racz Pal, plate in hand, appeared in the doorway. He dropped the plate on the first table, and with hands outstretched ran to where I sat. Now that I was alone, he poured forth a torrent of Romany so fast and inexhaustible that I could not follow it. "Then you do talk Romany?" I said. Why, of course; he talked nothing else at home with his own people. The Tzigans of Hungary were still true Roms. Wherever we might journey, in the plain, or, better still, in Transylvania, where there were so many *Romany chals*, we should hear the soft-flowing speech of their fathers.

After J—— and I had talked this over, we got our map of Hungary, and studied it. We might as well be off on the roads while the September sun was still hot, the September sky still cloudless. We arranged to start from Budapest on the next Monday.

On Sunday afternoon we went for the last

time to the high villa on the Blocksberg where our every Sunday had been spent. But this was an occasion in itself. It was some popular saint's day, and all morning in Pest we had seen flowers borne through the streets to those named in honor of the saint; among them was our friend, the mother in the villa. And so, when we sat down to supper, there were great bunches of roses and carnations and gladioli on the long tables that ran around three sides of the large dining-hall, and all her friends had come to bring their good wishes. Nor were we the only foreigners, for at the villa Americans were as welcome as prodigals, and many, with us, have carried away golden memories of the gay hours spent there. There were toasts after supper over the amber wine of Hungary. The colonel, straight and erect and soldier-like, as in the days long past when he defended his country's freedom at Kossuth's side, made his sonorous Magyar speech to the mother, and then proposed our health in English,—for during years of exile he lived in England,—and praised me—I blush a little now, remembering it—as the brave sportswoman who had cycled all the way from Calais to Budapest. Above the loud cries of *Eljen*, and *Servus*, and *Mahlzeit*,

as everybody shook hands with everybody else, rose the gipsy music, for gipsies with violins and cymbal sat at the door. What would a feast in Magyarland be without them?

When we went into the garden, hanging lanterns burned among the trees, and the moonlight lay white and wide on the plain and on the river far below. The gipsies followed to the terrace, where it was light enough for men who play from their hearts, as Rudi said. One by one, the wandering couples began to dance, until at last all were stamping and whirling and shouting in the mad Czárdás. When there was a pause in the playing, from the road at the foot of the hill came a faint echo answering the violins in the garden; for lights there too flickered among the trees, and in the silver dust other dancers stamped and whirled. And they danced and danced down there in the open road, and up above in the garden, while the moon rose higher and higher.

Once, the dancers, hot and breathless, trooped into the house to drink long cooling draughts of the amber wine. And it was then I spoke in Romany to the leader as he stayed there in the moonlight, grave and sad, as gipsies so often seem. He said little, but he

told me that now, for me, he would play a *tăcho Romani gilli*—a real gipsy song. It was wild and fierce as the moan and roar of the wind through the pine forest at night, this passionate defiance of the weary outcast. They say the Romanies have no music of their own, but never have I heard a song as strange and savage as the *gilli* sung by the violins in the moonlight, among the swinging lanterns.

The dancers came out, and a new Czárdás began. They danced, and then they sang, and then they danced again, while the moon sank lower and lower; they danced while the first gray of the dawn streaked the eastern sky beyond the Danube and the plain of Pest; they danced till the sun was high in the heavens and the river flowed a stream of gold through the fields—that is, they danced, and the gipsies played, till nine in the morning.

This, our last in Budapest, was the perfect night of our dreams. Only, when we dreamed, the gipsies, wandering in the moonlight, stopped of their own accord where the dancers waited, and played for nothing but the love of playing. Our perfect gipsy was not there; we knew now that we could never find him in cities, but must search for him in his own home on the roads.

TOP
PANEL 1

VI

A DAY as hot as midsummer, a burning sky without a cloud, a green country brilliant in blinding light, what could have been better for our start, even if we were stifling in the railway-carriage filled with people talking now German, now Hungarian, now a totally unknown tongue, evidently sampling the three languages of the printed notice above the seats? We were speeding on our way to Transylvania, and our bicycles were in the baggage-car.

That little word of Racz Pal's, a few nights before, had first turned our thoughts toward the home of Hunyadi János, the great Hungarian hero, whose name hitherto had meant for us but a very nasty mineral water. Hungary was far too big for an autumn's wander-

ings to carry one across its entire length and breadth, as we had fondly hoped before we knew anything about it; and we were going to that part where were the most gipsies and the best roads. Our knapsacks were full of letters of introduction which would enable us to study the country's institutions and progress, for no one in Budapest believed in our interest in the gipsies; and in J——'s pocket, along with his passport, was an impressive paper from the Minister of the Interior—impressive probably because we could not read it—which explained to whomsoever it might concern that we were not Russian spies or dangerous characters.

All the afternoon we were crossing the vast, treeless plain, until dusk and Debreczen came together—Debreczen, where we had been warned we must not fail to stop, because it was such a thoroughly typical Hungarian town, and because the mayor would turn out in his coach and four to show us the sights. But the mayor was not a gipsy, and we stayed only long enough to see the strange women, with their faces half covered in Eastern fashion, who crouched in the shadows of the station, and the stranger men, in tall black

sheepskin caps and priest-like cloaks, who looked ready to ascend the sacrificial altar, but who were only buying tickets at the office.

WAITING TO BE HIRED.

Some time during the night, we must have journeyed out of the plain for, when we awoke, mountains shut us in on every side. I shall never forget our arrival at Mármaros Sziget in the pale dawn, when a hundred or

more men, like so many savages, in shaggy sheepskins, their hair falling in long tangles, tumbled out of the train, and suddenly, at a word of command, fell into line, and two by two, with military step, marched toward the town. We followed with our bicycles and an escort of Polish Jews, in curls and caftans, bent on making us, machines and all, take their old hacks. Into the large square the company in sheepskins marched, and there, in long rows, silent and stern, stood more men like them, over their shoulders great scythes black and threatening against the eastern sky, now fiery with the rising of the sun. Was it the beginning of another peasant rebellion away off here in this remote corner of northeastern Hungary?

Seen in broad daylight, the men with the scythes were only laborers waiting to be hired, the savages from the train only reserves come for their summer manœuvers. We found them later in the open streets stuffing their divided skirts into the blue tights of the Austrian infantry uniform, cutting their hair, shaving their beards, and showing how a picturesque peasant could be transformed into a commonplace soldier. But this very explana-

CURIOSITY ON BOTH SIDES.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

tion made the whole town with its fantastic groups seem still more artificial, like a scene upon the stage. It was the beginning of the East, where men wear impossible costumes; and before the morning was over we discovered such an incredible mixture of races —Magyars, Wallachs, Ruthenians, Germans, Polish Jews, gipsies—that the crowd suggested nothing so much as an illustrated ethnological catalogue. It was the same throughout Transylvania, but this first glimpse of the people fairly took our breath away. And it seemed more extraordinary because, wild and barbarous as were the peasants in their dress, we were yet in the heart of Western civilization. The town with the outlandish name was a Budapest in miniature, with brand-new houses, and banks, and hotels.

Not for us in Sziget was it necessary that a kettle should be hung over the fire of brushwood; not for us did smoke go curling up among the trees. Instead of being allowed to find our gipsy, we had to get dressed and go out to dinner in a house full of pictures from Vienna and Paris — one of those long, rambling, single-storied Hungarian houses with

the rooms opening into each other and beds standing around promiscuously where you least looked for them. Had Romanies been there, we might have talked a trifle more intelligibly than with our host and his wife and daughter. Still the evening was gay. Only, when we asked if there were Tzigans about the town, they thought perhaps so, somewhere down the road. But what matter? We must come with them to-morrow to the famous salt-mines close by, and the day after J—— should go on a bear-hunt got up for his especial benefit.

But it was gipsies we wanted, not bears and mines, though, like our friends in Budapest, they would not believe it. And so, the next morning early, we were off, when only the peasants with their scythes were in the market-place to see our start. In the growing light we rode between the sheepskins, down the long street of the Wallachs, with a well-pole at every cottage gate; past the encampment where the soldiers were already stirring; and then through little villages where stately Roumanian women in gay aprons stood at the wells with jugs that a Greek designed, or men watered their cattle; through the open country, the peasants working in the fields making

IN A VILLAGE.

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lines of white against the dark belts of woodland; and on, into the lonely mountains.

What places there were for the tent of the wanderer on that first day's journey! — in the little leafy dell by the brookside, under the chestnuts shading the high mountain-pass. But it was only in Felsö Bánya, in the kitchen of the one inn in the town, that we found him. A woman was cooking at the large stove; another, in the caged-in corner to which we got so used in small Transylvanian inns, was chopping melons with a hatchet,—for the pigs, probably,—and at the far end of the room sat a group of men whose features we could not distinguish in the darkness. But as the landlord, a stanch Magyar who spoke no German, brought up his dishes that we might make our choice, we heard a few words of Romany, and, as the lamps were lit, we saw the violins on the table, and the dark faces. They were eating nothing, drinking nothing, doing nothing, and their talk, as it reached us, was all of *kreutzers* and *guldens*, *guldens* and *kreutzers*, which, however, no one came to give them. We waited and waited, and still we were the only guests, still the violins lay untouched on the table. We were so sleepy

after our long ride in the hills, that at last we went to bed and left them there to their endless talk of *guldens* and *kreutzers*, which had killed within us the desire to speak.

I do not know how late it was when we woke with a start in the great bare, stone guest-chamber with the gratings at the window that gave upon the street; we had been sleeping soundly, though J——'s only bed was a shabby sofa with sheets and blankets thrown loosely over it. There was a crash of music, struggling with fierce voices; at last, rising above them, the Czárdás again; a scuffling, a string of good strong Romany oaths, the banging of doors, and—silence. It was a common tavern brawl, for which one need not travel to Hungary. And yet the gipsies had played, and we had been sleeping.

We never knew what happened in the night, for we could speak no word to the landlord when, in the morning, he came smiling with our bill chalked upon a slate. The women in sheepskins, selling tomatoes and big red *paprikas*, and the white oxen lazily chewing the cud in the market-place, were still in shadow when we set out down the

RESTING.

valley, following the river, riding past the white-robed peasants going to the gold-mines, and the carts with Wallachs in sheep-skins low in the bottom, like us on the way to Nagy Bánya.

It was the day of the weekly market there, and the square was a solid mass of sheepskins and white oxen. We never ceased to marvel at these markets, with their extravagant display of costume, always differing, if only slightly, according to town or village from which the peasants came. For us, they never lost their freshness and infinite variety. But now, I think, I remember best those we saw first, when everything was so new and strange. And it was stranger in Nagy Bánya to step across centuries of civilization, from the midst of the wild sheepskins, into a house where etchings by Rembrandt, and drawings by Victor Hugo, and rare old tapestries hung on the walls; where the latest books lay within easy reach; and where London tailors and Paris milliners had set the fashion. For in this pretty town, lying low among the hills, our pile of letters was lowered by one, and we were welcomed to it, as none but Hungarians can give you wel-

THE MARKET AT NAGY BÁNYA.

come, by another of those brave patriots of '48, a man whose boast it is that in his day

no battle for freedom was fought in Europe without him. He is old now, his hair is white, but the same fire burns bright within him. He is a Magyar to the heart's core, and I like to recall how he received us with scowls so long as we spoke the hated German, with open arms once we dropped it for French, and he had read the letter we brought from the good colonel in Budapest.[1]

I wish I could linger on the days we spent in Nagy Bánya, the afternoons in the flower-garden, with glimpses of the distant mountains; the drives down the cool, green valley, where the gold-mines are; the walks in the little park, where the people take their afternoon stroll. There is nothing the world over like the Hungarian kindness, and the friends we made here could not do enough for us. "Tell us what we can do for you?"—that was the beginning and end of all our talks. We said once we wanted to see gipsies. Oh, that was easily managed, was their answer. We were dining with them at the time, and a wonderful din-

[1] It was only a few months after this was written that news reached us of his death. With Count Teleki, Hungary lost one of her bravest patriots.

ner it was, all Hungarian, for our benefit: *gulyas* and *paprikas* and *paradeis huhn*, washed down with old *szomorodni* of some famous vintage, and mineral water fresh that morning from springs just beyond the town, and set on the table in the beautiful Greek urn in which the peasant woman had brought it, a bunch of oak-leaves for cork. The cloth was laid in the porch, it was such a still, hot day. A man in loose white drawers and shirt, carrying spade and rake, passed across the garden to the stables.

"Tzigan! Tzigan!" called the old patriot, from where he sat at the head of the table.

The man came running to the porch. As he ran, he took off the cap from the tangled mass of his black hair, and he now stood with it in his hand, as wild and shy as the deer just tamed, the bird just caged. There was the beauty of the East in his dark face, the gleam of the gipsy in his darker eye.

The master filled a glass with wine, and gave it to him. He drank it, cap in hand; drank it greedily, thirstily, unabashed. Then, at the word of command, he put down the empty glass and ran, fleet as a whipped hound, to the stables. He was one of their

gipsies, and it was his day to work for them, they explained.

Their gipsies! His day to work for them!

We understood better the next morning

A CORN-STALK CABIN.

when they drove us in their carriage, behind the little Roumanian driver in his blue-and-white summer livery, and the long ribbons dangling from his hat worn jauntily on one side, out from the town, across the plain, to the group of thatched cottages where flax

was drying in the tiny gardens, and to the big house with the last roses blooming about the door, and far away, on the horizon, the mountains of the Karpathian Girl melting into pale blue shadows in the noonday heat. We left the carriage, and the pretty daughter and her brother took us to the gipsy huts on the outskirts of the village. The trees hid the nearest cottages. In front, the corn-fields, the ears all picked, the green leaves gone, but the stalks still standing, brown and withered, stretched to the shadowy heights. The blue smoke was lazily curling upward from the kettle hung over the fire, as I had so often seen it by the Camden reservoir; a man stood in the doorway of one of the huts, and an old brown witch of a Dye sat close to it on the parched grass, smoking a pipe. It might have been Rosanna Lovell, only Rosanna never would have jumped up and made such humble bows to the *gorgio*. And never in Camden or Philadelphia had we seen a group like that gathered about another kettle further on. A young woman, dark and beautiful, her white teeth gleaming as we came, crouched there with a naked brown baby in her lap; in front of her, in a semicircle around

the fire, three boys as brown and naked, like little imps of darkness, were sitting cross-legged. From the hut stepped forth a young

A FOND PARENT AND HIS FAMILY KOLTO.

man in a pair of wide drawers, but stripped to the waist, as coal-black as a negro. It was a family party an explorer would not have been surprised to find in Africa. They were

wilder far than any gipsies we had ever met upon the roads at home. One of the boys, when he saw us, sprang to his feet, and with a bound was in the corn-field, flying and hiding among the corn-stalks as tall as himself.

But these were not gipsy tents, these huts burrowed deep into the ground, with walls and roof of wood and mortar, thatched with corn-shucks. These were not tents to be thrown over the horse's back, or strapped under the van, when the cold blasts from the mountains gave the signal for the journey down into the lowland and far away to the south. For the gipsies living in them, though they ran naked like so many savages of the desert, had given up forever the old sweet, free life when they wandered at will and knew no man for master. They had come many years ago to squat, as we would say, upon the great lord's estate, and he had let them stay, only exacting for payment a day's work in every week from each grown man. The peasants in '48 may have been freed, but the gipsies in gipsyland have become slaves in their place, though many a *Romany chal* followed Kossuth into the field against the hated Austrian. Poverty and dirt and rags

are a small price to give for freedom, but they have lost this priceless heirloom of their race and kept only its bitterest burdens. They

OFF TO THE BRICK-YARDS.

are poorer than their kinsmen who travel over our American roads; they are more tied to the land upon which they dwell than the peasants in the near cottages. As they sit there in the sunshine, looking over to the moun-

tains, how often, I wonder, are they haunted by the old love of change and adventure?

All the gipsies were working about Nagy Bánya. We saw the pretty Romany boys bringing milk into the town, though, had they been carrying it from the *gorgio*, it would have been more to our liking. We saw old white-bearded men coming from the fields. Men and women both were fetching and carrying in the brick-yards in the valley on the other side of the town. Like the *gorgio*, or Philistine, they were forced to eat their bread—and such stale, musty bread!—by the sweat of their brow.

And it was the same when we left Nagy Bánya and were on the road again. Near the great house were always the gipsy huts, which we soon got to know as well as already we knew the gipsy himself.

The day we rode away from that friendly town and its friendlier people, and were in the hills that lie between it and Dées, we met a wagon with two gipsy women lounging low in the straw at the bottom, and two gipsy boys walking at its side, urging on the rickety old horse. The faces of the women once would have brought them to the stake

A FAMILY MOVING.

for witches; the boys, with the tumbled black locks falling into their eyes, were beautiful in that exaggerated, sentimental way that we resent as artificial and theatrical in pictures of the ideal Neapolitan, while their rags seemed more artfully "arranged" than those of the best made-up stage beggar. One wore a bit of bright red in an old sleeveless waistcoat, but it only half covered the beauty of his young brown body. We thrilled a little as we saw them; it was exactly the caravan that we had thought to find at every turn on Hungarian roads. But when we overtook them and spoke, they could not understand. We did not mind much, we were so sure we would meet others like them every day now. But they were the only wandering gipsies we saw in the northern part of Transylvania.

They told us in the towns, when we asked why this should be, that it was rare indeed that gipsies traveled from place to place. The local laws against them in each department are severe, and when they venture to pitch their tents by the roadside, they are quickly made to fold them and are sent flying into the next county. When they journeyed

with their baggage, we might be sure it was because they were playing a favorite gipsy trick, and leaving their last village home just

FREE AS A BIRD.

before their stay had been long enough to compel their payment of the village taxes. Free as the bird in the air no longer: free as the bird in the cage, rather, is their song to-day.

It went to our hearts when we passed the gipsy women digging in the road near the

manor-house; when from brick-yards gipsy girls, with lovely faces, handkerchiefs turned back like turbans over their low brows, came running out to watch us ride; when we found gipsy men toiling in the service of the peasants—and there was not a day that we did not see something of this kind. But the worst was when we met a gipsy with wild sad eyes, and long black curls hanging about his weary, drawn face, bent double under the bags of a Jew in caftan, who walked just behind to see that he did not lag. The sun shone, birds flew over the corn-fields, close by were woods where one could lie sleeping all day in the green shade. But on, in the white dust of the road, in the glaring sunshine, toiled the gipsy at the beck and call of the taskmaster who already holds half the

A BRICKMAKER.

Wallachs in that part of the Karpathians in his power. After this, there seemed to us no

THE SERVANT EVEN OF THE PEASANT.

hope for the poor gipsy. And the pitiful face, the eyes, mournful and pleading as those of an animal in pain, haunt me yet.

Sometimes we spoke to the gipsies by the

way, and sometimes they answered in Romany; it was only the few who, like the wanderers on the road near Dées, had forgotten even the *kãlo jib*, or black language, which is half the secret of their survival as a separate race during all these long ages. Often from Hungarian or Roumanian peasant we had to turn to them to ask our way, and at this they were seldom surprised. The surprise, indeed, was on my part the first time I spoke to a woman at work on the road in a village, with a little black girl in a nightgown, many shells hanging from her plaited hair, and two little black boys in nothing at all, playing close by. I asked her: "*Shan tiri chavi, Dya?*" ("Are they your children, mother?") as I might have asked Sheva Wharton or Susie Boswell.

A LOOK AT THE GORGIOS.

"*Egen*" (for the Hungarian gipsy uses the Hungarian yes), "*miri chavi*" ("my children"),

she answered, as if it were a matter of course. The truth is, the peasants here and there have picked up a few Romany words and are better gipsy scholars, without knowing it, than the learned Romany Ryes in the town.

But we liked best, when we knew there were so many gipsies *aprè o drom* that we could not speak to all, to cry out a loud "*Del o del Bakk!*" the gipsy "Good luck!" without stopping, and to see the black eyes flash and the white teeth glisten as a sudden smile lit up the dark faces, and to hear the wild "*Del o del Bakk!*" follow us down the road.

As we went further and further into the country, we learned that there never was a yearly, or weekly, market without its gipsies. They were there with their baskets or horse-shoes or brushes, the men rarely with horses to sell, the women often with mops and buckets for whitewashing, waiting to be hired. And this we did not mind: there was something of the pride of race in their clinging to trades which had been their forefathers' before the first gipsy wandered in Europe, which are their brothers' into whatever land they may have journeyed.

In the bewildering costumes filling the market-square, we could never mistake the gipsy.

A WHITEWASH-BRUSH MAKER.

If he wore the peasant dress of the district, it was with an additional melodramatic effect which made it hard to believe that he was not got up for the occasion in theater, or studio, properties. But far oftener he wore what has come to be the typical costume of the Roumanian gipsy in Transylvania — the blue Austrian infantry tights, ragged after long service at first hand, and a blue jacket with silver clasps; perhaps a tall black sheepskin hat; perhaps a straw hat, or, as we got further south and east, a broad-crowned, wide-brimmed felt with cords and tassels. But whatever he wore, his dark oval face with its delicate features — the sensitive mouth; the nose something like that of the old Assyrian; the unmistakable eye of his people; the fawn-like ears peeping from under the curls — would have stamped him as the stranger he is among the low-browed, swarthy Wallachs, the fair, high-cheeked Hungarians, the stolid Saxons, and the greasy, cringing Jews. And as refined as his face were the long slim hands that looked unused to labor, and the graceful, shapely limbs. I used to wonder at the manly beauty of the Lovells and Stanleys at home, but they were commonplace compared to these wild creatures of the mountains

A FINE TYPE.

and the plains. The youths of sixteen or eighteen were beautiful as the archangels or Sebastians of the old masters. They needed but a nimbus about their perfect heads to be

ANOTHER TYPE.

set as they were in the fresco on monastic wall, in the altar-piece in cathedral choir. And the older men whose beards had grown, when, their hats off, you could see the curling

hair parted in the middle, were of such stuff as saints and prophets are made. Indeed, in more than one, we recognized the Christ of modern canvases. The women were less beautiful, though now and then we wondered at a faultless face under the inevitable handkerchief, and there was less character in their dress: they wore, usually, the Roumanian aprons.

But the delicacy of their features, the refinement of their expression, meant nothing. They were little better than animals. The Sebastians crouched for hours in the sun, their arms clasped about their knees, waiting for something to turn up. For a pipeful of tobacco, the prophets would pose for J——; that is, if they posed at all. Far oftener, when they saw what he was about, they would be off like a shot, fearful lest their souls might become his with their portrait. There was no overtaking them; lightning was in their feet, when, straight as arrows and lithe and lean as greyhounds, they walked away, cursing in deepest Romany. Nothing showed the race like this swift stride of theirs.

As they came into the markets, they always looked as if they were genuine travelers on

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

the road, and we used to try and follow them, as they left again, to track them to their lair. But sometimes the same afternoon we would find the wildest in the gipsy quarter of the

town, or, if we were riding further, we might chance upon them in the gipsy huts on the outskirts of a wayside village. Their wildness meant as little as their beauty. They were

LEFT AT HOME.

mere householders like the peasants, and as domesticated: in every case the bird in the air had been caged.

We expected less of them after our experience with the Beauty of Bethlen, as we called him, a marvelous creature with the face of an Apollo of the woods and the dress of an operatic bandit. We ought to have realized how tame he was, for he let

J—— make a sketch of him where we found him, bargaining for odd pieces of broken china in the market-place of the town near Dées. But, the sketch finished, he refused the

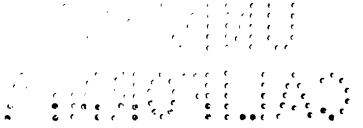
SEEN IN DÉES.

tobacco J—— offered, and asked for money. As we ate our midday dinner, we fancied him getting uproariously drunk in the nearest wine-shop, before he staggered off to his lonely tent in the hills. It is certainly what

he would have done had he been the gipsy he looked. But a couple of hours later, on our bicycles, we passed him walking along the highway, holding a little girl by one hand, carrying in the other a large piece of meat. By that time my gipsy would have had out his violin and been playing himself into ecstasy. True, they were not all so sober as this model father of a family. We had not left him far behind, when we rode through a village where a large colony of gipsies had settled, and there was not a man, or woman, of them who was not gay with wine. The prophets were bawling discordantly in their cottages. When we stopped, women ran up to us, and, in the white road, danced about us, ringing our bicycle-bells and chanting strange wild snatches of song, like so many bacchantes. We ought to have liked them, I suppose, but they were too drunk. The prophets staggered out at the noise and wanted to fight.

No town or village was without this gipsy quarter. In giving up the free life, the Romanies have not lost that unerring instinct which leads them to make their home always where there is most beauty. If willows hung

"ARE THERE ANY GIPSIES AROUND HERE?"



low over the stream from the mountains as it flowed, cold and fast, by the village, there were the gipsy homes, with gipsies sleeping, the naked boys and girls playing in the sun. Or, if the town began to climb a hill that looked westward or over the valley with the river winding through it, there, too, were the cottages of the dark-browed sons and daughters of the far East; as at Dées, where, strolling past them one afternoon, a door opened suddenly, and down the road, out of the town and far away, danced men and women, stamping and twirling in the dust, three gipsies close behind playing on old cracked fiddles.

It was at the end of the first week of our journey, by the time we reached Bestercze, the little Saxon town, almost in the Bukovina, with German signs on all the shops and German student caps on all the boys, and flaxen pigtails on all the peasant girls, that we gave up hope of meeting the real gipsy traveling on the road. We thought, perhaps, that if we explored the byways we might be more successful, and for a week or more we made the quiet town our headquarters: wandering from it, sometimes on foot, up and down the near

hills in the cloudless September sunshine; following the course of the willow-veiled stream, where in America we should have seen the blue smoke among the trees; racing across the wide fields in the twilight, when in the distance we caught a glimpse of a man leading horses to water. But never were there any gipsies.

Then we took our bicycles and wheeled to remote, unknown, unpronounceable villages far from railways; stopping in the shade of the broad street as the peasants in brilliant dress gathered about us, always the dark-robed Jew in their midst, and asking: "Are there gipsies in the country near?" Or else we rode high up into the mountains of the Bukovina, over the wild passes where we met no one but the shepherd with his black-faced sheep, and *gendarmes* with their guns, or, now and then, when, with a new thrill we hurried in pursuit of the trail of smoke, road-menders cooking their dinners. But never were there any gipsies.

In the villages we found them, and once in a village of their own. We were coming from the Bukovina, and as we coasted down the mountain-side, between the trees, a turn of the road showed us the great plain where

"IN THE VILLAGE WE FOUND THEM."

СУПІЛЬНІ
ПРАЦІ

Bestercze lies far below. Just at the foot of the mountain, on a solitary hilltop, was a group of huts. There was no road to it, and over the stubble we pushed our bicycles, then up through the bushes. A bitter cold wind was blowing down the hills behind us, and at first no one was about. But from the huts they began to come, men in blue soldier tights, women in Roumanian aprons, children in their own pretty brown skins, black pigs running at their side. Wretchedly forlorn and poor it all looked. The huts, thatched with branches of trees from the near forest, weeds and wild flowers growing on top, one or two with a tiny cross at the highest point, were so low we wondered how a full-grown person could stand upright within them; the men's shirts were ragged; the women were barefoot, though about their necks were full twenty ducats upon their Sunday necklace, as the Roumanian girl sings, beautiful silver coins of the last century.

But the huts inside were fairly comfortable. Though there was not one gipsy word among the colony, the *tăcho Romany* was stamped upon their faces, came out in their work,—the women were making baskets,—and,

above all, showed itself in the grace of their hospitality. Now that I was no longer riding, I shivered in my linen blouse, and an old Dye, seeing this, took me by the hand and

IN THE VILLAGE NEAR BESTERCZE.

led me into her hut: the branches of the trees were woven over a small porch, or ante-chamber, where two pretty girls sat weaving their baskets. The real living-room was beyond, and here they had gone burrowing so deep into the ground that it was twice as high as it looked from without. There was a soft bed with many pillows on one side, white skirts and aprons hung in a line above, and opposite, ears of corn made a golden frieze,

while a good fire burned in the corner. We sat down together on the floor, the old Dye and I. She wanted to make me a cake out of the golden corn-meal; she offered me a cream-cheese, then an apple, and as I still shook my head, she peeled and quartered it, and when again I refused, she threatened to throw it in the flames, so that I was shamed into eating it, though with every mouthful I felt that I was robbing her. I am not sure that it was the apple that made the lump in my throat. How often had I rested like this by the fire, drinking tea with the Costelloes and the Whartons. If the gipsy knows you for a friend, he is not happy until he has given you something, no matter what, like that untamed Romany of Badajos who flung down his bursting pomegranate on the table before Borrow.

The Dye, in her pretty Roumanian apron, the coins about her withered neck, was no greater curiosity to me than I to her. She examined my boots, my blue serge skirt, my blouse, and then, coming at last to my hat, she for the first time noticed that my ears were bare to the biting wind. In a flash she snatched the orange handkerchief from her

gray hair, and had almost tied it over my head before I could stop her.

This gipsy village was in a desolate place far from the road. The men looked like so many brigands; there were daggers in their belts. They could have taken our every penny, and have done with us what they wanted; we were defenseless, powerless, in their hands. But they received us as friends, with a courtesy that made our thanks seem boorish. They brought us food; they would have given us the clothes they wore had we let them. And these are the people who are being hunted and hounded from their old haunts in the green forest and by the quiet stream, of whom the only stories one hears are of the descent upon the farm-yard at night, the unguarded clothes-line by day; who are settled, and housed, and taxed, until they need but the visit of the extension lecturer and the patronage of the amateur missionary to complete their degradation. And when winter comes on the hilltop, and on every side snow lies white on the plain and on the mountains, the gipsy must stay there, half frozen, half starved, though were he free to live his own life he would long since, with the birds, have

HAVING A GOOD LOOK AT THE GORGIOS.

flown to a land where it is always summer. And who would have been the worse for his flight?

And of what use to him is this show of civilization? He is no less poor than when he roamed, without let or hindrance, from one end of Hungary to the other; he is dirtier now that each day, each week, or at least each month, does not bring him to a fresh green spot by running river or unsullied spring. And his morals!—he has not gained much more than the Red Indian who bartered his old fierce independence for the fire-water of the white settler. Once, when men were little less savage than the brutes, it was best that the many were tamed; but to-day, that the many are modeled after one peaceful pattern, why not spare the few who still feel the true poetry of life, who still love "the tent pitched beside the talking water, the stars overhead at night, the blest return of morning, the peep of day over the moors, the awaking birds among the birches"? Who would want to turn every lark and blue-jay, every oriole and nightingale, into the little twittering brown sparrow of our town gardens?

But there was something more than freedom missing from the life of these gipsies, whose beautiful faces and fantastic dress went

THE SWINEHERD.

so far beyond our dreaming. And this something was the music which we had hoped to hear as we wandered over the hills and through the forests. In only one or two cottages had we seen the violin hanging on

ON THE MARCH.

the wall, though in the picture-galleries of Budapest it was common enough in the Romany hut; only once or twice as on that gay afternoon in Dées, or now and then at markets in the smaller villages, did we listen to Romanies play, and then, as musicians, they were no better than the fiddler in many an out-of-the-way English hamlet—than the old darky of the Southern plantation.

IN DÉES.

I do not mean that there was never any music at all. In the little Transylvanian towns, as in Budapest, we could go nowhere in the evening toward the sunset hour without hearing the sad wail or loud frenzy of the Czárdás; and when we followed the sound, as we always did, it led us either to the wine-cellar of the peasant, or to the restaurant of the large hotel, or once, in Dées, to a pretty park where people were walking up and down the shady paths, while the sun set in splendor to the playing of the gipsies. And how they played in the warm September evening, until the gloaming faded into twilight, and the twilight deepened into night! The people,

THE REAL GIPSY BEGGAR.

mere shadows in the darkness, gradually left the park, but still the Czárdás rang out loud and fierce, or low and sweet in the silent night. There were no lights save the stars above, and at times the red glow of a cigarette in the band-stand. I suppose they were paid by the town or somebody for coming there, but they

seemed to have lost themselves in their music, to be making it for their own pleasure alone. If we had only found them thus with their violins by the roadside!

All these gipsies, however, belong to an entirely different class from those who haunt the markets and dress like the peasants. "We have a trade—our music!" they often told us; "the Tzigan you meet on the road, whose children run naked, has nothing; he is a beggar." And to mark the distinction, they have long since cut off their curls, and put away their silver buttons, and are doing their best to look like the average Hungarian or Wallach of the town. Those very men who had lingered so lovingly over their violins in the park at Dées, when they saw us later in the hotel, struck up "God save the Queen!" It was some comfort that they had not yet got so far as "Yankee Doodle."

But, after we spoke to them, there was no more "God save the Queen"; there was nothing but the music of their own people, nothing but the Czárdás and the waltzes played to us of old at the Männerchor. It was a further mark of their demoralization that only two knew any Romany—the man

who played the bass viol and the servant of the cymbal-player; for few gipsy bands are without a "slavey," a gipsy too, who carries the heavier instruments and runs errands, but whom the musicians treat as one of themselves, and who, probably, is working out in service a debt to his own people, according to the old Romany custom. It was funny at Dées to watch this creature going out to buy cake for the cymbal-player,—they are all very like children,—and then sharing it with him on his return. But if they could not speak Romany themselves, they liked our being able to talk it, and they came and sat with us at our table, and begged us to stop next at Bestercze: the gipsies there spoke nothing else in their own homes.

A VAGABOND.

And to Bestercze, as I have said, we went. When I look back on our evenings in its little hotels, at the end of those long days of hopeless hunting after the real gipsy, I scarce know whether I feel most like laughing or crying. For if there was much that was gay in our friendship with the musicians we met here, their life, as we saw it, seemed as bitter to bear as that of the begging gipsy they despised.

We were friends at the first word of Romany. They did not accept it with the indifference of the gipsy in the brick-yard and the market; nor did they wonder why, knowing so much, we still could say so little. They had tried to talk with Turkish gipsies, but, as with us, though the words were the same, they could not keep up a conversation: it was the fault of the grammar, they explained. Besides, the Archduke Joseph had sent his great book on the Romany language to Goghi Karóly, the leader, and in it they had learned that the gipsy speaks in many different dialects.

It was especially to see this book and the Archduke's signature that Goghi, so jaunty in his soft green hat and feather, invited us

to his house in the little street near the mill-stream. We sat in the one large room, with the white and red pillows piled high on

A CELLO-PLAYER.

the bed in the corner, while he read long passages to us, and his pretty young wife, an orange handkerchief tied over her black hair, looked on, and one by one other dark-eyed,

dark-browed gipsies strayed in, and sat down on the floor to listen. What a reception they gave us in the sunny street afterward! The men working at the forge stopped to come and talk; the old Dyes hobbled out from their houses; the children, just from school, their books under their arms, were brought and introduced to us. They said, and I know the pleasant fiction will be forgiven them, that my Romany was better than theirs. And as we strolled back toward the hotel, they kept by our side under the trees along the shady walk around the old fortifications.

There was no question of their pleasure in being with us. In the evening they would leave violins to gather round our table, until the landlord, who had been amiability itself when we first came, turned his back upon us in undisguised disgust. It was then we discovered that, in Hungary, you must be an archduke before you can associate with the gipsy without losing caste. Once they took up their violins, again the music was all for us, not only their *tācho Romany gillis*, wild and savage as the song we had heard in the Budapest villa on the Blocksberg, but even

the Hungarian melodiès which made the officers, who overcrowded Bestercze, weep in merriment, and squander their ten- and twenty-kreutzer pieces with wild recklessness. The collection here, as in the capital, was the inevitable accompaniment of the gipsy concert. Goghi, or János, the second violin, went around with the plate as regularly as Racz Pal at the Hungaria, and the weeping officers were forced to pay for the luxury of tears. But to our table he never came; that is why I say the music always was for us. Not from the Romany brother from overseas must money be asked in return for pleasure. If we called to János to say a word as he passed, if Goghi stopped to glance at J——'s sketch of himself, the plate was held by both hands behind his back out of our reach.

This touched us the more because Bestercze is small, and few people were in the hotels and cafés except the officers, who could afford the gipsy music only at rare intervals. What could we do? If J—— sent them wine as they played, so did the officers. It made me think with a sigh of those Männerchor nights when Herr Josef, with velvet coat and flashing opals, ordered beer for us. And

yet the Hungarian will tell you that the gipsies care only for money. When they passed us by, the plate behind their backs, we remembered the cruel story of the Romany, with one half the gulden note stuck on his forehead, compelled to play until it fell off before he could have the other; of that stupid libel of the leader made by his own men to carry a fly in his left hand, that when he came back with the collection they could be sure if he had helped himself. Stories and libels all! We now know the gipsy better.

But it was on the evenings when they did not play that we felt the bitterness of their life most keenly. There was less sadness in their saddest Czárdás than in the dark faces peering into the dining-room to see whether people were there to listen to their music. And inexpressibly mournful was the way they waited, listless and silent, in an outer room in hopes they might be wanted. Had they not played so well it would have seemed less hard. But in their violins was ever the swing, the wild rhythm, that we so seldom heard from the more prosperous Tzigans of Budapest. They asked, with pathetic eagerness, what prospect of success there was for them

in America or England. Only this winter has Domby Karóly failed hopelessly in London, so that I am glad we gave little encour-

THE CAMP OF WAGONS.

agement. A passing fad they might be, as Wagner is to-day, as Liszt was yesterday,—but how many would really understand, would really care, for their Czárdás? We promised a better chance if they came in the beautiful dress of the Roumanian gipsy, with long curls flowing, and belts stuck full of daggers over their loose white shirts. But they said: "We are musicians, not mountebanks."

No; there was no real gipsy in, or near, Bestercze. It was useless to stay. There were but poverty and misery on that lonely hilltop, but misery and poverty in the pretty street by the mill-stream.

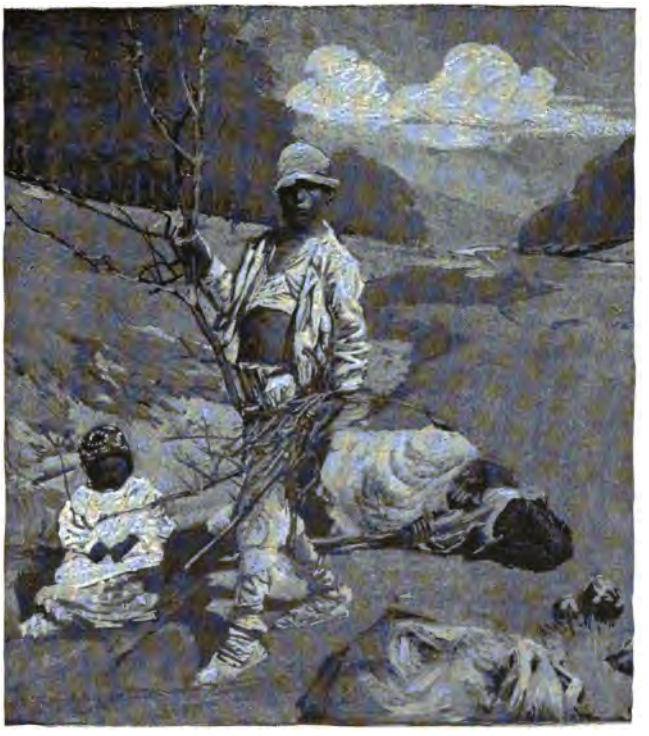
We started once more on our search. We wandered far and long over the hills, now clothed in all their autumn pomp of gold and scarlet and bronze, meeting the huge timber-wagons, with the little tented huts on top, where the men slept all day, pulled slowly down by three horses abreast, or else drawn up, in the clearing at the foot of the pass, for the night's camp. We crossed the broad uplands that stretch from range to range, where the sleepy oxen and peasants at the plow crept, white and shining, through the somber fields, and the women astride their white horses, and the men in their low wicker carts, and the crowds on foot, were going to, or coming from, the markets. We set out in the morning when the mountains were flushed with the first rosy light of dawn; and we rode late into the twilight, coming to the last town or village of our day's journey, as men were watering their weary horses at the wells, and the long procession of white cows and

THE CAVE-DWELLERS NEAR BORSZÉK.

in Schässburg, with its fortress and church-crowned hill; in Kronstadt, with mountains on every side rising from its streets; in Herr-

IN THE MOUNTAINS BY BORSZÉK.

manstadt, with its great breweries and *Bier Kellars;* in the country, whose blond men and women are not a whit less German in face and speech and custom than were their forefathers, who came and settled here so many centuries ago; where the towns, with their towers and spires and turrets, are like bits of the Fatherland; where the little villages, each with its fortified church, speak eloquently of the long years when they



GETTING DINNER.

and their people were at the mercy of the Turk.

We came back again to Magyarland, at Gyula Fehérvár and Torda and Koloszvár, far eastward, where corn now ripens and grapes grow sweet on plains and hillsides

watered by the blood of Magyars but yesterday, when the Wallachs, at their very doors, rose and massacred them, women and chil-

ON THE ROAD.

dren as well as men, in that hideous revolt of the lesser against the greater race.

The Wallachs have no one special part of Transylvania to themselves. But in the land of Szeklers and Saxons and Magyars alike,—from the mountains of Marmaros to the heights of their own Roumania, from the valley of the Maros to the banks of the

Szamos,— wherever we went, we found them more picturesque in face and costume than the other peasants, and, to us, kinder and friendlier. It is only in rare moments of madness that the daggers at their belts, as in the Roumanian ballad, thirst for blood.

And the real gipsy? We were as far from him as ever. Those perfect Sebastians, those wild-eyed prophets, still smiled as they threw their "*Del o del Bakk!*" after us down the

HIS ONLY FIRESIDE.

hot white road; the musicians still played in restaurant and café, not for pleasure, but for money, though from us never would they

take a kreutzer once we had spoken a word of Romany. But for the gipsy, free as the deer in the forest, as the bird in the air, alone with his violin, his music the breath of life to him, we scoured the country in vain. Not a day passed without its Romany adventure. Now it was the hour spent resting by the forge of the blacksmith, now the meeting with a grisly old hag who stopped us to tell our fortune, but who, when I said that I too was a *bori chovihāni* (a great witch), stayed to talk to friends. Again, it was only the radiant smile and soft *latcho divvus* of a pretty boy idling in the sun, or of a little naked brown girl sitting at a cabin door. And once in a long while we met a family on the march crossing the mountains with cart and horses, or hanging up the kettle by the road, their only fireside.

But when I think of that long, lovely autumn, certain days stand out with greater vividness because of the strangeness of the adventure, or its rarer beauty. One was the happy Sunday when, late in the golden September afternoon and in a remote mountain village, we came upon Wallachs dancing on a tiny green by the church, to the music of two gipsies in peasant dress, with the tails

THE ROUMANIAN DANCE.

of their white shirts sticking out like little skirts below their sleeveless jackets. Everything the people did in this half-eastern land, even their hardest work, had the same unreal effect, and suggested footlights rather than the open day. But no spectacle they presented was quite as theatrical as the Sunday dance on the village green. Had we seen it on the stage, we should have pronounced it overdone, so great was the excess of costume. Spangles and tinsel glittered on the aprons of the girls; row upon row of gold and silver and scarlet beads hung about their necks; long ribbons streamed from their plaited hair; the tip of a peacock's feather, or a flower, was stuck in their gorgeous handkerchiefs over each ear. Large bunches of peacock-feathers were in the men's hats, their wide belts were studded close with brass, bells around their boots pealed at every movement. Two by two they walked around the green, holding themselves and taking their steps with a stateliness and grace rarely surpassed by the professional dancer; and then suddenly they began twirling, the white skirts and aprons of the girls flying and showing all their high red boots, the men now and then

throwing back their heads and singing mild snatches of improvised song. Once or twice

"SUDDENLY THEY BEGAN TWIRLING."

a girl smiled, but it was mostly a solemn performance, like a mystic dance sacred to the

THE MUSICIANS' HOUSES, MAROS VÁSÁRHELY.

gods, and there was an impressive Oriental monotony in the tune they danced to, cracked though the fiddles of the gipsies were. We stood looking with the people of the village, a Roumanian woman's arm about my waist, while the sun sank and the moon rose beyond the bank of trees behind the dancers; and we left them there, twirling and singing in the silver moonlight, like the Phrygian girls whom the summer evening of old saw

> Flashing in the dance's whirls
> Underneath the starlit trees
> In the mountain villages.

Afterward, we saw Saxons dancing, but it was in a stuffy room, and the perspiration streamed from their broad, stolid faces, and the floor shook under their heavy, clumsy feet as they turned in an ordinary waltz, while the Saxon band, in sheepskins, blew pert, jerky airs hard into loud, brazen horns. And when twilight came, oil-lamps were lit and the atmosphere grew rank and suffocating. All the poetry was with the Wallachs, whose ball-room was the open green, and the lights they danced to, the setting sun and the full harvest moon.

Another of these days that will live longest in our memory was passed at Maros Vásárhely with Dr. Herrmann, the gipsy scholar from

AN INVALID.

Budapest, visiting among the gipsy huts on the hillside, where old men dozed in the sun and children played games in hopes of kreutzers, and women cooked their dinners while naked babies tumbled about them, and one poor dying man with eyes, brown and pathetic as a setter's when you beat it, and a shock of black hair shading them, lay motionless and silent among the chattering women at his cottage door. It was on the same day

THE GIPSY TOWN AT MAROS VÁSÁRHELY.

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too that we met the three Romanies, in the rags of Callot's beggars, whom we followed into a bank, where the polite superintendent

TALKING OVER THINGS.

and cashiers suspended all business, while one of the wanderers sang a gipsy song for Dr. Herrmann, and J—— sketched a second, who had a face like an angel, but who groveled in the dust to kiss our feet in thanks for a few kreutzers and a half-smoked cigar. The wonder was to see them in such a place; but after they had gone the superintendent took us into a near room and showed us the silver cups they

had brought to pawn, and then shelf after shelf full of other cups, all beautiful in design, many dating back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is no gipsy family in Transylvania without one; pawn it they may, and do often enough, but no matter how sore their straits, they never sell it. It is a superstition with them, and they would rather sell themselves. Then, who could explain how it happened that, in the private carriage of a man we had never seen before, we drove out in the hot noontide sunshine—"*Nous trois Bohémiens!*" as Dr. Herrmann said with a laugh—between the fields, to the country house of people we knew no better, where, though the midday meal was just over, a dinner was cooked for us, and fresh horses were harnessed to a new carriage, and we were driven to a gipsy village? Who could explain it who does not know something of the Hungarian courtesy and kindness to the stranger? We could not be allowed to go fasting from the Hungarian's house, and as we were more interested in Romanies than anything else, odd as our fancy seemed, the Romanies were produced for us. But the visit to the village was formal and profitless; the

people eyed us from a respectful distance. The real gipsy was not apt to show himself to "carriage folk."

A third of our rare days I count that at the horse- and cattle-fair in an unknown wayside

ON THE MARCH.

town. All morning the road was full of long-haired gipsies riding to it with their horses, the first we had seen following the trade of the American Lovells and Whartons; many were resting in the inn where we halted for an early glass of beer and bread. When at noon we wandered over the broad meadows, there under the willows by the river were tents,—

real tents this time,—and in front, little girls in coarse white nightgowns, their plaited hair full of shells and coins, for kreutzers from the *gorgios* made cart-wheels in the short, parched

A TALK IN A TAVERN.

grass, and danced, swaying their bodies as in the *danse du ventre*, crouching on the ground, still swaying backward and forward, beating their little breasts. Beyond the tents were the horses and cows and pigs and peasants, and almost every other man was a Romany with the face of a Christ and the whine of a

TRADING HORSES.

beggar; a few were prosperous farmers, and one, in the dress of the Wallach, showed me

A FLIRTATION AT THE FAIR.

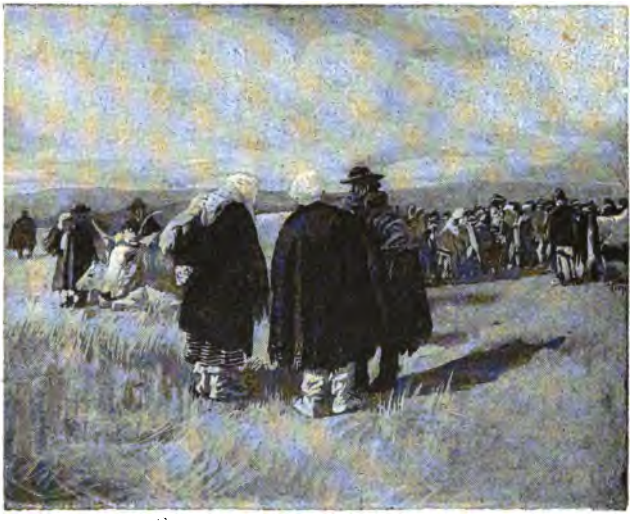
his cattle and asked about the *Romany chals* in our country. I remember him because he was the only gipsy of his class who seemed interested in his people who had *jalled pardel*

o pāni (gone over the water). As we went on in the afternoon, we overtook more Tzigans traveling with all their chattels on their horses, the long tent-poles trailing behind like an Indian's on the march, the men drunk and happy and singing, the women scolding at their sides, the children and the dogs running on before.

With October these cattle-fairs and yearly markets began to be held in every town and village, and many a morning we awoke to see the square beneath our windows packed solid with booths and people; many a noon we came into a tiny village to find it all confusion and merriment. One afternoon we rode away from Brassó, from the market there. For hours we had strolled around its pretty old town hall, where eminently respectable gipsies stood selling their iron horseshoes, and dark Romany women sat selling their wooden spoons and brushes. At first, now, the road was crowded with people starting for home, looking as tired as their oxen, which stepped along sedately at snail's pace, so that we outdistanced them all quickly on the great plain. In the brown fields peasants, bent double, were at work. The sun

IN THE MARKET-PLACE, BRASSÓ.

was shining, the sky was blue, the air was sweet with the fragrance of the fresh-turned earth, but men and women were too busy



THE FAIR.

at their endless labors to know or care. The mountains of Fogaras were still shadowy on the horizon, when, by the roadside, in the middle of the plain, we came upon an old gipsy, in the white shirt and trousers of the Wallach, sitting in the grass, playing on his violin. There was no one near: he was playing to the sun and to the birds and to

himself. When he heard us, he stood up and went on fiddling in the dusty road, his eyes dancing, his feet keeping time. We stopped to listen to his poor crazy tune, expecting every minute that he would beg. But presently he pulled off his hat, made a low bow, turned, and walked away with the graceful swing of the race, an erect white figure in the white road, fiddling as he went. A wagon passed us, and the peasants in it, overtaking him, made him jump in at their side. When we rode on again, he was sitting by the driver, still fiddling, the only man in all that broad plain, dotted with its Millet-like toilers, who was idle and heedless of to-day and the morrow!

October is the vintage month in the wine-gardens of the east of Transylvania, and it is upon the shining days when we roamed amongst the vines, feasting on grapes, that my memory dwells the longest. It was only for the ending of the vintage that we reached the little Saxon town of Mühlbach, with the old broken walls still encircling it, and the beautiful fortified church still overlooking its central square. The sun had set, and the church spire and the line of poplars rose black

THE PERFECT GIPSY.

THE RETURN FROM THE FAIR.

against the red of the afterglow as the town came in sight; and from the fields to our right, where the full harvest moon was rising, wound the long procession of ox-teams, each with its wine-cask decked with vine-leaves,

and its white peasant leading the white oxen. Men wrapped in their sheepskins sat leaning against the casks, blowing loud and sweet on their pipes; and children, lagging behind, were still gorging themselves with the golden grapes. The hotel was crowded with wine-merchants and wandering peddlers, and in the restaurant there was not an empty seat, and the balls on the billiard-table in the middle of the room never stopped clicking. A gipsy band played all evening. The next morning the square was besieged with begging Romanies from remote villages, and well-to-do farming Tzigans from the country with cattle and pigs to sell. One man, tall and spare, with keen eyes flashing from the tangle of black curls that framed his long, thin face, was pointed out to us as the Voivode. But what a degenerate gipsy king! — a mere farmer, like the peasants.

In Mühlbach, the grapes were all picked, the juice all crushed from out their sun-ripened clusters. But for the beginning of the vintage we rode in time into near Petersdorf, where not a soul was in the street of the tiny village: men, women, and children had gone to the wine-gardens. In the meadows

COMING BACK FROM THE WINE-GARDENS, MÜHLBACH.

the white oxen rested under the trees, in the vines the white peasants came and went, emptying their overflowing baskets into the yawning wine-cask; and as we passed they

THREE GENTLEMEN OF MÜHLBACH.

ran out to fill our hands with huge bunches of grapes. Two dark *Romany chals*, in loose shirts and broad Wallachian belts, were fiddling in the fields; men were firing off guns on the sunny hillside. It was a simple, merry scene. The vineyards were small; they belonged to peasant proprietors.

For beginning and ending alike, from the time the first grapes were thrown in the tubs and baskets, until the full casks were stowed away in dark, cool cellars, we were at Gyula Fehérvár, or Karlsburg, as the Saxons call it. The amber Riesling is made on the sunny slopes that rise from the far side of the meadows beyond the town. We walked out toward them in the cool of the early morning, under the shadow of the high fortress, with the cathedral and campanile-like tower springing aloft above the triple walls, the burial-place of Hunyadi János and his son Ladislaus. Soldiers, in the blue infantry tights, were drilling just below, and the air was full of the call of bugles and the hated *recht, links eins* of the Austrian commands. Across the fields, from every direction, crept the ox-teams, followed by groups of peasants. Already in the wine-gardens the work had begun: the unyoked oxen lay in the pleasant shade; carts with the wine-casks set in them were drawn up here and there in a little open space; the white figures went to and fro among the vines; there was a buzz of voices from every side, and now and then snatches of song. Up and down the broad alleyways

THE VINTAGE.

through the vineyards we strayed, the sun burning us with fiercer heat as it rose higher and higher, the warmth and the scents of summer everywhere on the busy hillside. At

THE WANDERING MUSICIANS IN THE WINE-GARDENS.

each vineyard we were laden with a fresh burden of grapes, and we ate them as we went, flinging bunch after bunch to the begging gipsy children who romped at our heels. Long before noon, a man with loose white trousers rolled high above his knees was jumping in every wine-cask, the juice in rich

THE MIDDAY MEAL DURING THE VINTAGE.

reddish streams falling into the buckets set below. At noon, the smoke from many camp-kettles rose above the vines, and mingling with the sweet summer scents was the smell of the midday *gulyas*.

As we passed the large vineyards, we saw in the little white house of the guardian a

banquet spread, and around the table one of the gipsy bands from the hotel of the town stood playing. But at the smaller vineyards

TREADING THE GRAPES TO GIPSY MUSIC.

the cloth was laid on the grass, or on a table under a rude shed, and here Romanies, in peasant dress, from the near villages were fid-

dling away under the trees, as men, pressing the grapes in the casks, danced wildly to the music, throwing their brown, grape-stained

THE PLAY IN THE WINE-GARDENS.

arms above their heads, as they danced in the days long dead, when Gyula Fehérvár was still Colonia Apulensis.

In Tuscany, when we had gone to the vintage, the peasants pressed the wines inside dark, gloomy cellars; in Provence, the land of sunburnt mirth, the grapes were crushed by steam in brand-new buildings with all the latest modern improvements. It was only in

Transylvania that we found the peasants dancing in the old, glad, free fashion of classic days, out in the sunshine to the sound of music.

We threw ourselves under the shade of a near tree to watch. But a woman rose from

PLAYING IN THE WINE-GARDENS.

where she was dining, and bade the gipsies sit down near her. Then she brought them plates piled high with bread and grapes, and, seeing us fasting when all the world was feasting, filled other plates with her

bread and grapes, and carried them to us. We refused at first: we had been eating grapes all morning, we gave for reason. "But you must not go away and say that from the Roumanian woman you have taken nothing!" was her answer, and she placed the plates between us on the grass. A dark, swarthy Tzigan was lying full length on the reddening leaves beyond, and into the basket at his side she dropped two or three golden clusters as she passed. He had been doing nothing; while peasants, and even many of his own people, had been cutting bunch after bunch from the heavily laden vines, he had been enjoying the light of the sun, now stretched on his back on the crisp, warm turf, now lingering to jest with his toiling kinsmen; and yet his basket was full to the brim of the choicest grapes from every vineyard.

And so the afternoon wore on, peasants dancing as they pressed the wine, or working gaily among the vines and feasting on the fruit; gipsies playing, every now and then a mad couple twirling round and round on the smooth grass; smiling Wallachs begging us to taste the new wine; even the children in

THE BAND STARTS OUT.

the nuns' garden pirouetting and singing, while the black-robed sisters and the priest in cassock chalked upon the cask the number of buckets emptied into it.

The sun was setting, when we saw the long white line again moving across the fields to the town opposite with the cathedral-crowned fortress towering above it, and far away on either side toward neighboring villages. The light was fading when we started after them, and, stalking through the stubble, came the black line of the gipsy bands, one man in each carrying his bass viol over his shoulder like some strange mystic banner. They played in the hotel restaurant that evening when the town was gay with the gaiety of an abundant vintage. The gipsies were always showing us some new, undreamt-of side of their character, and I remember it was at Gyula Fehérvár, where we had not spoken to them, that when J—— was drawing in our corner, and the second violin, taking up the collection, came and stopped in front of our table with the usual polite bow, such a furious protest came hissing across the room from the leader and all the others, that he thrust the plate quickly behind his back and fled. They

did not know us; but J—— was an artist; they were artists too; that was enough.

Two days later we were in the midst of the vintage at Koloszvár, again wandering, and gossiping, and tasting wine in the sloping vineyards. We came into Koloszvár strangers, but we were greeted as friends in more than one wine-garden, and all the long, warm, sunny Sunday morning we spent with the professor and the parson, who had been among the first to bid us welcome, while the Czárdás rang in our ears, the *gulyas* steamed on the table in front of us, and we looked to the town below glittering in the hot sunlight, to the windings of the Szamos, and to the near hazy mountains, over which we had journeyed from Torda, with those marvelous peasants who look like the old Florentines Pinturicchio painted.

With the same friends we dined in the evening, down in the town, and Pongratz was there with his band — Pongratz who is invited to the feasts of kings and emperors, who, now that old Racz Pal is dead, is the most famous gipsy leader in all Hungary. He did us the honor to come up to our table and "play into our ear," and in his music

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THE RETURN OF THE MUSICIANS.

there was that which sets one dreaming back one's old broken dreams. In the morning he honored us still further by a visit, when he brought with him his photograph and his daughter, the prettiest girl in Koloszvár. But the name of the real gipsy is never heard in the royal palace. It was not for a renowned Pongratz that we had journeyed to Transylvania.

As we rode out of the town in the hour before dawn on the day following, some young men, their silk hats on the back of their heads, were reeling home from the night's orgy, singing the last wild Czárdás with which the gipsies had drugged their wine; and the watchman, in long sheepskin, was making his rounds, his halberd striking the ground at every step. This was the last we saw of Koloszvár, but the entire character of that eastern land, so strange to us, seemed typified in these men, whose dress belonged to the boulevards, but whose song, for all one knows, may have been first sung in the valleys of the Altai or on the banks of the Volga, and in this watchman bearing the arms with which his ancestors under Hunyadi János once repulsed the Turks, through streets

lined with the houses of nineteenth-century civilization.

It had turned bitterly cold in the night. In the dawn we saw snow on all the near mountains. Winter had come, and this year, at least, we could wander no more on the roads. Not far from Koloszvár we took the train for Budapest.

We had not found the real gipsy, unless, indeed, we should have known him in the old man fiddling for himself in the broad Burzenland, as we rode into the mountains of Fogaras. He it was, perhaps, for whom we had made the long journey over the water and across Europe; and yet, though the peasants had understood him as they passed, we were at heart such Philistines that we had not recognized him until too late. He was the only gipsy left in Transylvania, where the Romanies no longer travel *aprè o drom*, but are being fast elevated into farmers and laborers, fast degraded into serfs; where the musicians send their children to school and talk of their mission and their profession. Our

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THE ROMANY TOWN, KARLSBURG.

gipsy has vanished from Hungary forever. If we could but believe it, almost always is

THE REALITY OF OUR DREAMS.

that best which nearest lieth. It had been at home that our ideal had been most nearly realized. Davy Wharton at the Camden

reservoir, Rudi in the Männerchor Garden, Mattie Cooper at Hampton Wick, and not Pongratz of Koloszvár, Goghi of Bestercze, Racz Pal of Budapest, were the *tācho Romany chals*. But to learn this we have wandered so long and so far, we have seen men everywhere working so hard, that sometimes we wonder if we ourselves are not the only human beings now who are

> Free as the deer in the forest,
> As the fish where the river flows,
> Free as the bird in the air!

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To Gipsyland

by Elizabeth Robins Pennell